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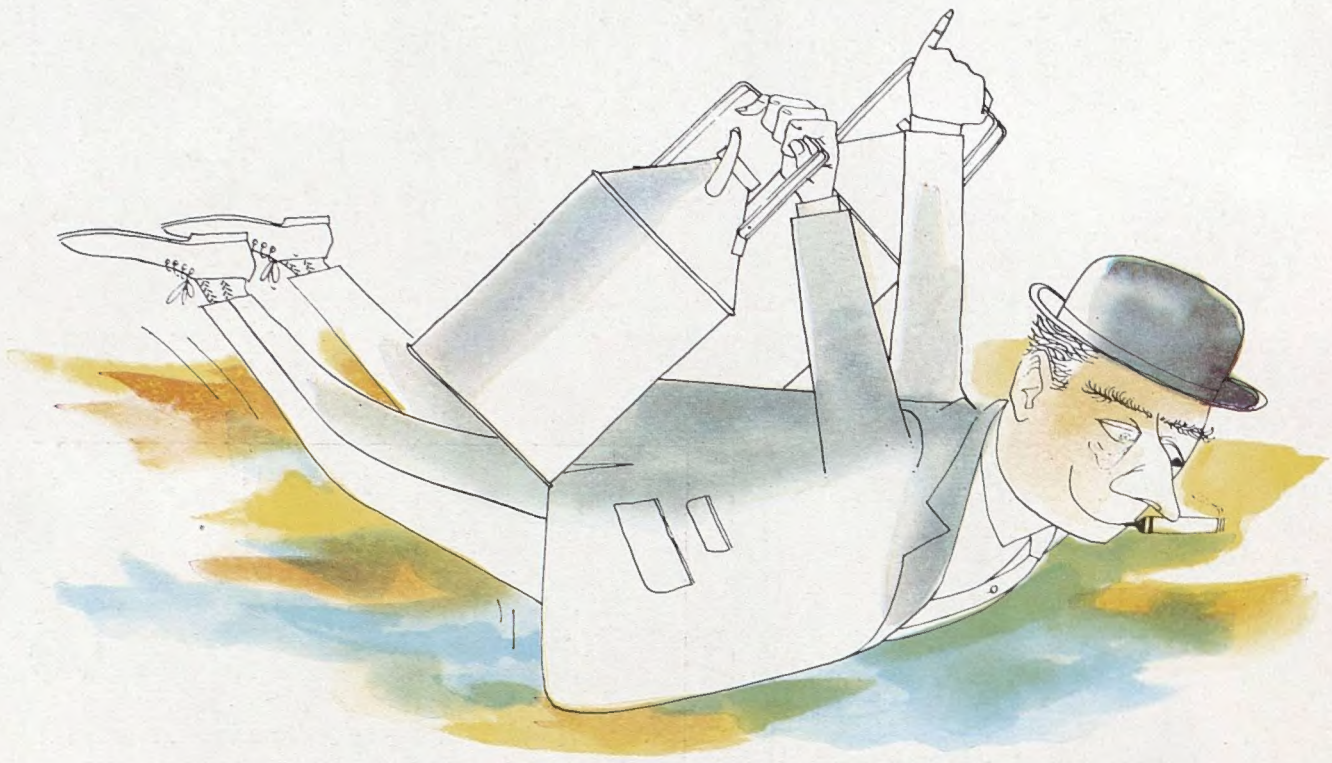

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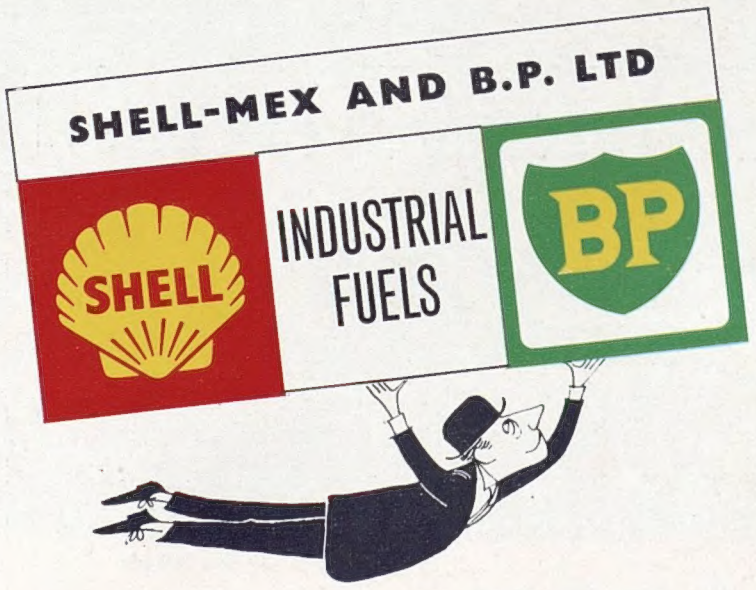

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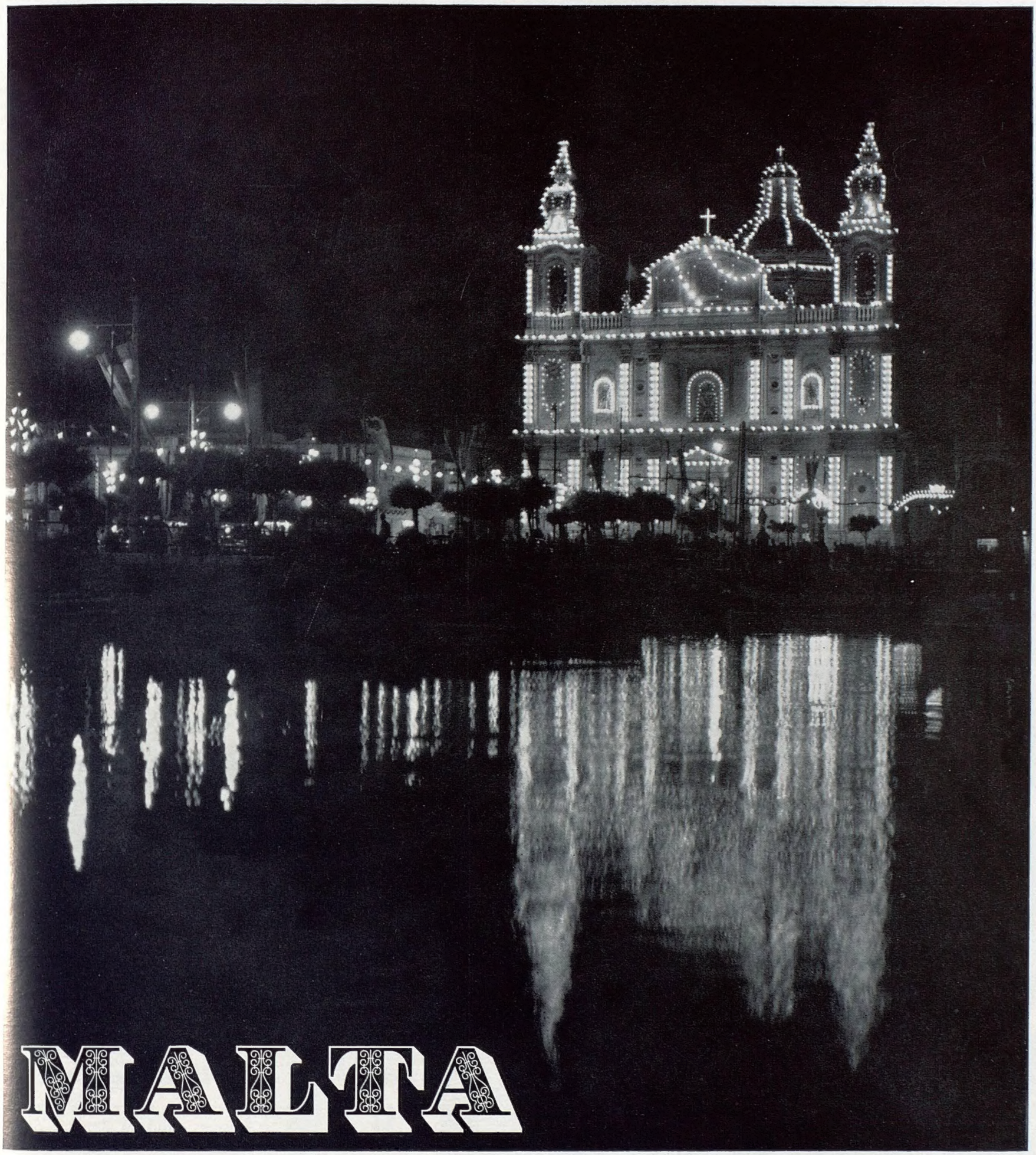

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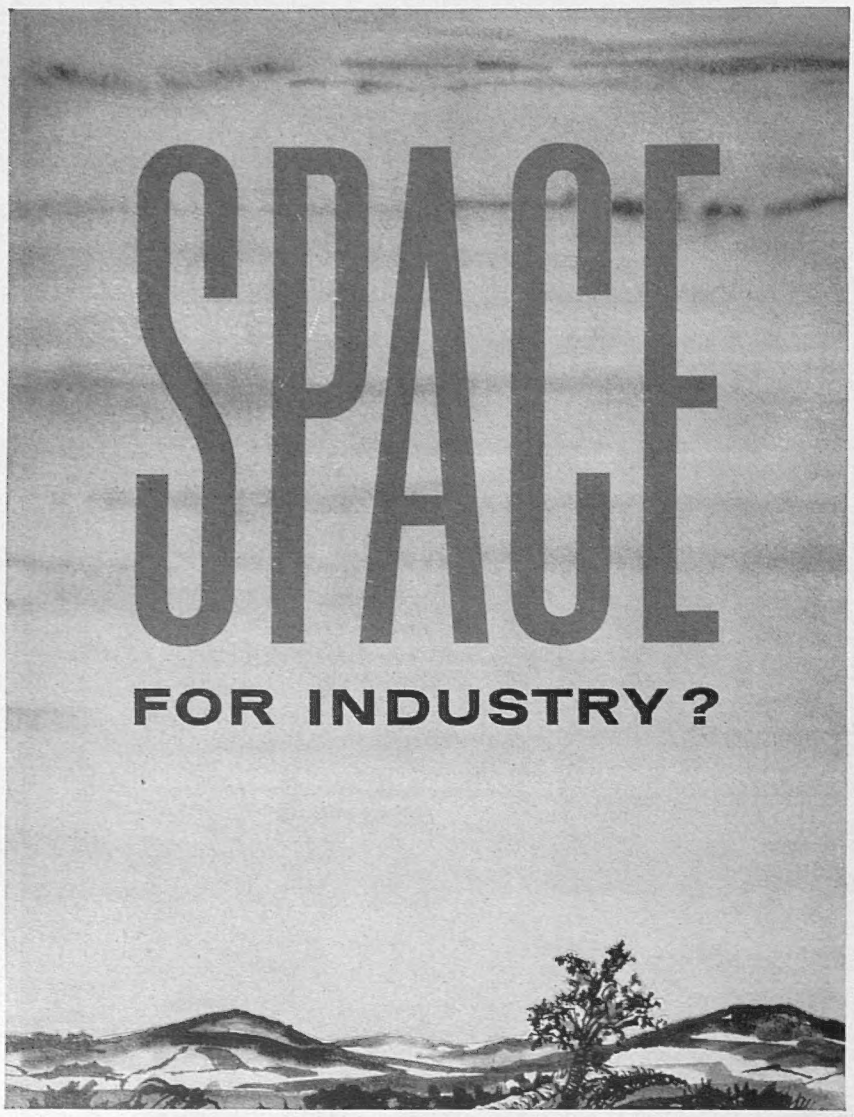

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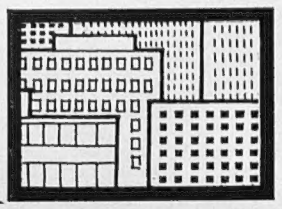

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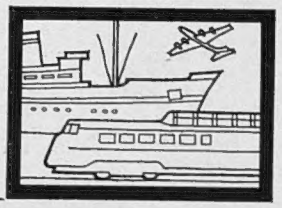

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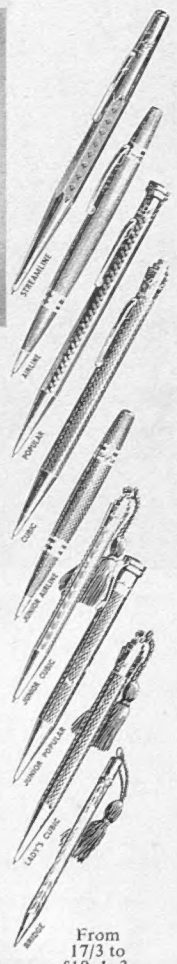

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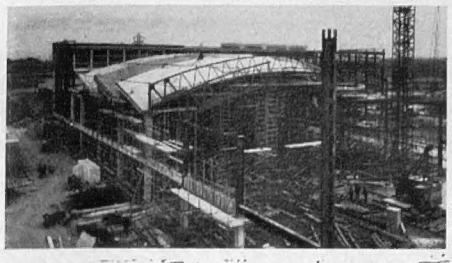

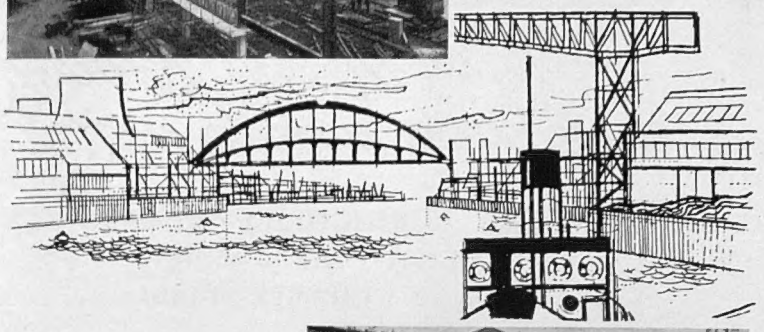

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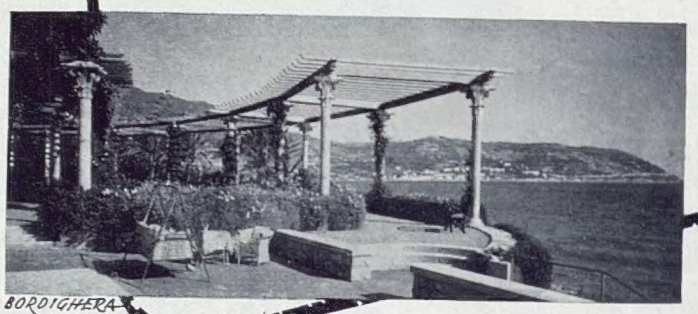

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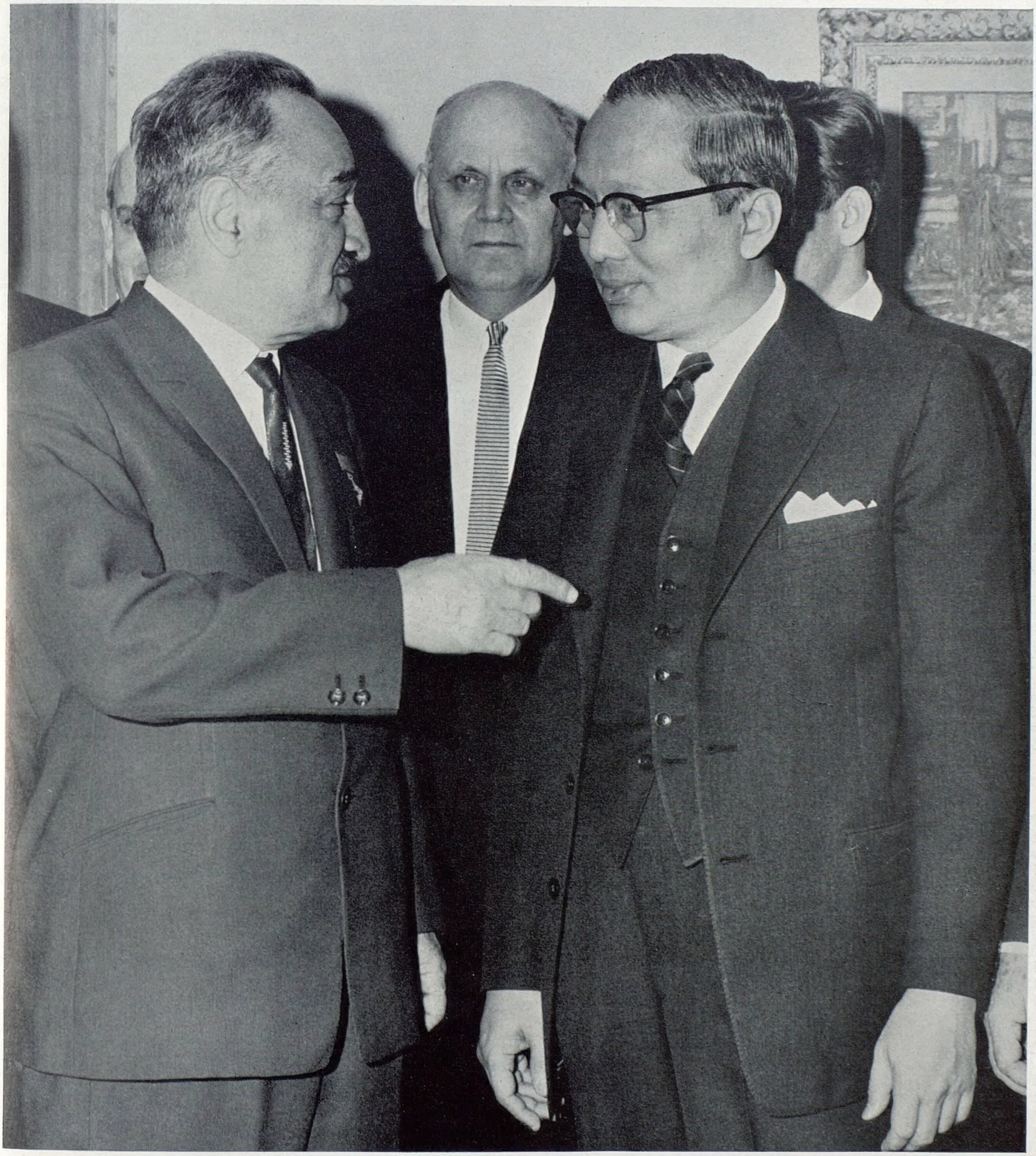

AT THE UNITED NATIONS

U Thant talks with Mr. Mikoyan, Soviet Deputy Prime Minister, in the United Nations building in New York. The latter had just arrived from Cuba where he had had a number of discussions with Dr. Castro, the Prime Minister, with a view to resolving the crisis between the United States and Cuba. From New York Mr. Mikoyan went to Washington for talks with President Kennedy, from which it was hoped new approaches might emerge from both East and West to such vital problems as disarmament and Berlin. Although there was much activity to this end behind the scenes in the U.N. last week, the main business was the question of the election of a Secretary-General. It was generally believed that U Thant, who had been Acting Secretary-General since the death of Mr. Dag Hammerskjold last year, would be elected to the office and accept it on the basis of a four-year term. During his acting tenure, U Thant, who is fifty-three years of age, had continued to carry on the policies of his predecessor and had won the respect of the East and West blocs and also of the Afro-Asian Neutralists

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NEWS SUMMARY

U Thant's appeal for a cold-war thaw; Belgrade and Moscow affront Pekin; will China withdraw in India? election speculation in Britain; a possible new African grouping

INTERNATIONAL

As expected, U Thant was unanimously elected Secretary-General of the United Nations. Last Sunday, two days after his election, he gave an important address at John Hopkins University, **Baltimore.** He said there were good reasons nowadays to believe that Mr. Khrushchev does not want war. However the West "does not seem to appreciate the full significance of this obvious change of political climate." U Thant called on East and West to bring about a thaw in the cold war. Without giving details, he said it was "now possible to report agreement on certain fundamentals between the two major powers" in the Cuba crisis.

In **Washington** little information could be obtained about the talks Mr. Mikoyan had with President Kennedy and Mr. Rusk regarding Cuba and other problems. Before leaving to return to Russia, the Soviet Deputy Prime Minister said the discussions had convinced him of "goodwill on the part of the American side. The same goodwill has been shown by us."

In the 17 power Disarmament Conference in **Geneva** the neutrals are believed to have been making great efforts to obtain agreement on a new formula for on-site inspections for controlling nuclear tests. This is one of the main questions on which East and West have so far differed.

Military policy will be under discussion between the Foreign Ministers of Nato countries when they meet in **Paris** next week. According to some reports the possibility of the establishment of a Nato nuclear force is to be considered. The whole subject of the methods and nature of a nuclear deterrent has been much debated of late. News that the Skybolt stand-off bomb has run into development difficulties has raised fears that the U.S. might cancel this programme and switch its commitment to the Minuteman ballistic missile. Under present arrangements the British V-Bomber force is to have Skybolts when its present stand-off bomb Blue Steel becomes obsolete.

COMMUNISM

President Tito of Yugoslavia left **Belgrade** with a trainload of experts last Sunday for what was diplomatically termed "a holiday" in Russia. The real purpose of the journey was to start another round in the Communist ideological conflict. **Pekin** recently has been more abusive than usual towards Yugoslavia. Therefore President Tito's trip to **Moscow** is a direct affront to China by Yugoslavia and Russia. (Most of the abuse hurled by the Chinese at the Yugoslavs is intended for the Russians as well.) It is also evidence of Mr. Khrushchev's desire to improve still further his recently established good relations with the Yugoslav heretics.

At the Italian Communist Party Congress in **Rome,** one of Mr. Khrushchev's chief henchmen and leader of Russia's delegation denounced those who opposed Russia's Cuban policy (i.e. China) and criticised China by name for its policy against India.

INDIA

News of what was happening on the frontiers was obscure at the start of this week. It was believed the Chinese had started to withdraw as from December 1, as they had announced they would do. But it was not clear in **Delhi** whether the withdrawal was taking place all along the North East and North West frontiers or only on parts of them. Indian troops had been ordered to remain in their positions. Mr. Nehru was still refusing to accept the Chinese proposals for a settlement of the frontier dispute. Mr. Chou En-lai, the Chinese Prime Minister, in a letter to the Indian Prime Minister said that when the Chinese forces withdrew to 12½ miles on their side of the frontiers, he expected the Indian troops to keep a similar distance away on their side. Otherwise the cease-fire was "liable to be upset."

As result of Mr. Sandys visit to India and Pakistan last week a joint statement by the two Governments announced that they would hold discussions "on Kashmir and related matters." After a hurried return to Delhi by Mr. Sandys to clear up a misunderstanding, it was believed a date might soon be fixed for some time before the end of the year for the talks to begin at Ministerial level.

The Pope—a photograph taken in Rome shortly before it was announced he was suffering from gastric trouble and anaemia. However, last Sunday his health was stated to be much improved. The Ecumenical Council, which has been taking up so much of his energies, ends its first session this week and adjourns until September 8

GREAT BRITAIN

Mr. George Brown, deputy leader of the Labour Party, speaking at **Swansea** last weekend, said that his Party was working on the assumption that the next General Election would be held next autumn. He went on to say that the Common Market would not be the main issue—"Economic planning, the threat of unemployment, housing, failure to get co-ordinated transport services, have played at least as much part in the by-elections as the Common Market." According to Ministry of Labour figures, unemployment in mid-November reached a new peak of 544,451—the highest figure since the Ministry began preparing statistics on the present basis 14 years ago. The region worst affected was Northern England, with 5·4 per cent. unemployment. (An analysis of the problems of the North East is on pp. 393 to 397.)

Sir Patrick Hennessy, chairman of the Ford Motor Co., last week complained bitterly of the company's troubles during the construction of its new car factory at **Halewood,** near Liverpool, designed to provide employment for 9,000 men. He claimed that since the project started two years ago, 81,000 working days had been lost through strikes by the 2,000 men employed by 80 contractors. Sir Patrick said Fords were having second thoughts about building a £9 million transmission plant in the district. Last Monday, it was hoped that two unofficial strikes delaying work at Halewood would be settled this week. Sir Patrick's figures have been disputed by union officials.

MIDDLE EAST

On his way back from India last weekend, Mr. Sandys, the Commonwealth and Colonial Secretary, paid a short visit to **Aden,** where he had further personal talks with Ministers of the Colony and of the South Arabian Federation. He was reported to have said that he was still determined to go ahead with the plan to merge the Colony with the Federation.

In the Yemen where the civil war between the Republic and followers of the deposed Iman was continuing (see picture on page 367), the Republic's radio in **Sanaa** described Aden as part of the "natural Yemen," but appealed to Yemenis working in Aden not to leave for the Yemen; the Republic would call for labour when there were industries.

King Hussein of Jordan, opening Parliament in **Amman,** announced in his speech from the throne that political parties banned since 1957 could be reformed. He warned, however, that the new parties would not be allowed to be agents of anyone outside Jordan's frontiers (see also page 369).

CENTRAL AFRICA

A few days before the House of Commons in London debated Central Africa, Sir Roy Welensky, Prime Minister of the Rhodesian Federation, made it clear that the Federal Government did not acknowledge the right of Nyasaland to secede by decision of the British Government alone. Sir Roy was making a party political broadcast in **Salisbury** as part of the campaign for the United Federal Party in next week's elections in Southern Rhodesia.

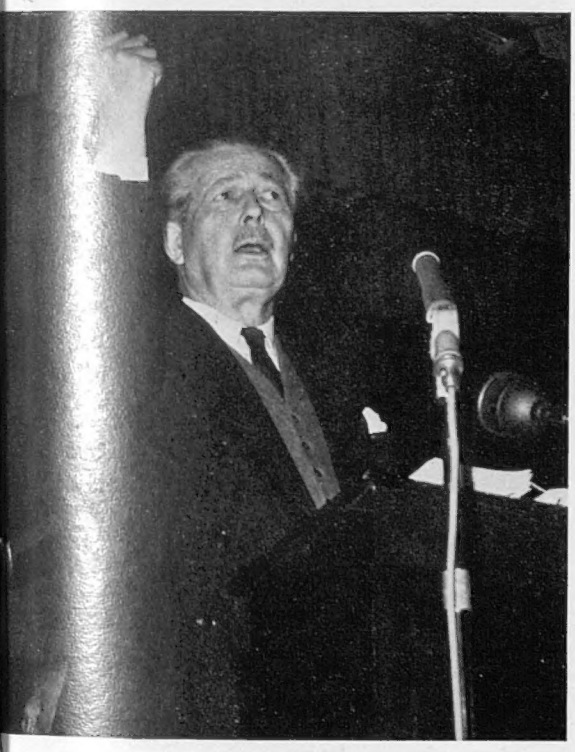
Next week also sees vital by-elections in Northern Rhodesia. Interest in **Lusaka,** the capital, was centred on the visit to London (to see Mr. Butler, Minister for Central African Affairs) of the leaders of the two African parties, Mr. Kaunda and Mr. Nkumbula, who were expected to form a coalition. While they were in London they had a meeting with M. Bomboko, the Congolese Foreign Minister, and other African diplomats at which a new plan to solve the Katanga problem was discussed.

This plan, which has the personal backing of Mr. Nyerere, who becomes President of the new Republic of Tanganyika on December 9, involves a Pan-African association from the Congo to East Africa, including the Rhodesian territories. It was thought that this might make U Thant's plan for Katangese reintegration, with its threat of economic sanctions, unnecessary.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA AND MR. ANGUS OGILVY—AN ENGAGEMENT PICTURE

Princess Alexandra smiles happily with her fiancé, Mr. Angus Ogilvy, in the grounds of Kensington Palace, London. Their engagement was announced last week. Mr. Ogilvy, who is 34, is the second son of the Earl of Airlie. He is the director of several companies in the City, having come there by way of Eton, the Guards and Oxford. Princess Alexandra, who will be 26 on Christmas Day, is twelfth in the succession to the throne

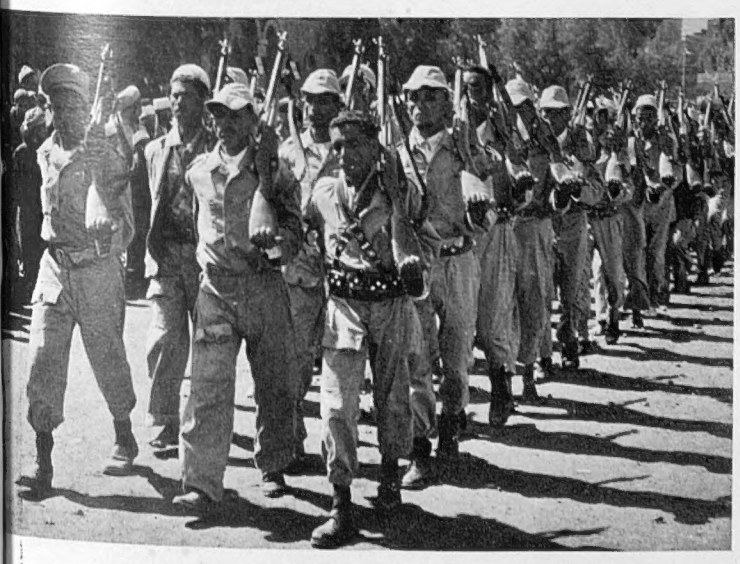


MR. MACMILLAN AT REDRUTH

Below far left: Mr. Macmillan at a meeting of the Cornish Federation of the National Union of Conservative and Unionist Associations at Redruth. Speaking on the recent by-elections the Prime Minister said that what mattered was " who at the end of the race gets first past the post." Mr. Macmillan leaves next week for France for talks with President de Gaulle, and the following week for the Bahamas, where he will meet President Kennedy in Nassau

SIR WINSTON CELEBRATES HIS 88TH BIRTHDAY

Sir Winston and Lady Churchill smile as they look from a window of their London home at Hyde Park Gate at the newspapermen and well-wishers outside gathered to congratulate Sir Winston on the occasion of his 88th birthday. The day was November 30 and messages came from all over the world, including one from the Queen



SOLDIERS OF THE YEMEN REPUBLIC

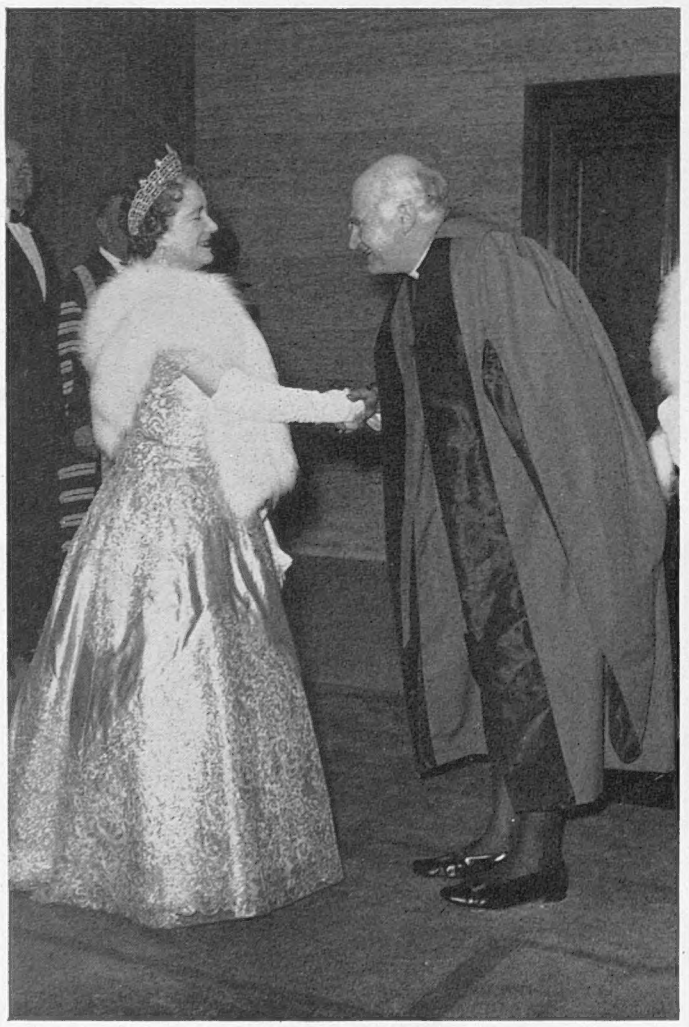
Below far left: Yemeni troops parade in Sanaa, the capital of Yemen Republic. Last week's reports from the area, including those of a visiting group of British M.P.s, confirmed that the Republic of President Sallal was firmly in control and unlikely to be upset by the forces of the deposed Imam, in spite of assistance from Jordan and Saudi Arabia. Meanwhile the trial of Qadhi Abdulla al-Shami, the Chief Minister of the old Imam who died in September, continued to be held, and there were reports of arrivals of Russian technicians. A U.S. offer to mediate was being considered by various Arab Governments

M. ADOULA'S FIGHT FOR SURVIVAL

M. Adoula, the Congolese Prime Minister, gesticulates during a five-hour speech to the Chamber of Deputies in Leopoldville. Last week his Government narrowly survived a vote of no confidence. He polled 47 votes to the 50 that supported the no-confidence motion, which thus fell short of the required two-thirds majority. Although his Government did not fall, the vote was regarded as a blow to his prestige. It was considered that the only thing which could save the Adoula administration would be progress in the Katanga problem (see also picture on page 369)

A FLOWERY PATH IN THAILAND FOR THE WEST GERMAN PRESIDENT

President Lübke of West Germany is with King Bhumipol on his arrival for a three-day State Visit to Thailand. He is welcomed in the country's traditional way by girls strewing flowers in his path. President Lübke stayed at the old palace in Bangkok. Before going to Thailand last week, he had paid a visit to Pakistan. Other engagements during his tour of Asia included a State Visit to India



THE QUEEN MOTHER HONOURS DR. RAMSEY

Right: At the Senate House of the University of London, the Queen Mother, Chancellor of the University, shakes hands with Dr. Ramsey, Archbishop of Canterbury. In the ceremony last week, in honour of Foundation Day, the Queen Mother conferred a number of honorary degrees. Dr. Ramsey received an honorary Doctorate of Divinity

HELLO, GANG! A ROYAL AND ANNIVERSARY OCCASION

Far right: The Queen meets some of the cast of *The Gang Show* at the Golders Green Hippodrome in London. It was the first time for eight years that she had attended this all-scout entertainment, celebrating its thirtieth anniversary this year

Far right: Sir Ralph Perring, the Lord Mayor of London, receives the Rt. Rev. Nevile Davidson, the Moderator of the Church of Scotland, and his wife at the Mansion House. Dr. Davidson was in London on the visit the Moderator customarily makes during his term of office

SCOTLAND'S MODERATOR IN LONDON

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

BRITAIN AND FRANCE EMBARK ON THE VENTURE OF BUILDING A SUPERSONIC AIRLINER

M. Geoffrey de Courcel, the French Ambassador in London (left), and Mr. Julian Amery, the Minister of Aviation, look at a model of the Concord supersonic jet airliner. Last week, M. Courcel and Mr. Amery signed the agreement by which the French and British Governments are to spend between £75 and £85 million each over the next eight years on developing the aircraft. The work is being carried out jointly by the British Aircraft Corporation and Sud Aviation of France. Two versions will be made, one long-range, the other medium-range. Both will be powered by Bristol Siddeley Olympus jet engines. The slender, delta-winged aircraft will fly at Mach 2 2 (1,450 m p.h), cruising at 55,000 to 60,000 ft. It will cut the Atlantic crossing time from 7½ hours to about three

THE LATE PRINCESS WILHELMINA

Below right: The last official picture of the late Princess Wilhelmina when she was still Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands, taken just just before her abdication in 1948. Princess Wilhelmina, who died last week at the age of 82 at her home at Apeldoorn, was Queen for fifty years. She took the title of Princess when she handed over the throne to the present Queen, then Princess Juliana

M. SPAAK AND PRESIDENT KENNEDY DISCUSS THE CONGO

Far right: President Kennedy bids goodbye to M. Spaak, the Belgian Foreign Minister, after their discussions on the Congo question at the White House in Washington. In a joint statement issued after the meeting they gave full U.S. and Belgian backing to the U.N. plan for the reintegration of Katanga with the rest of the Congo. " Severe economic measures " would be taken against Katanga if there was no progress towards reunification in a " very short " time

GENERAL ELECTION IN JORDAN

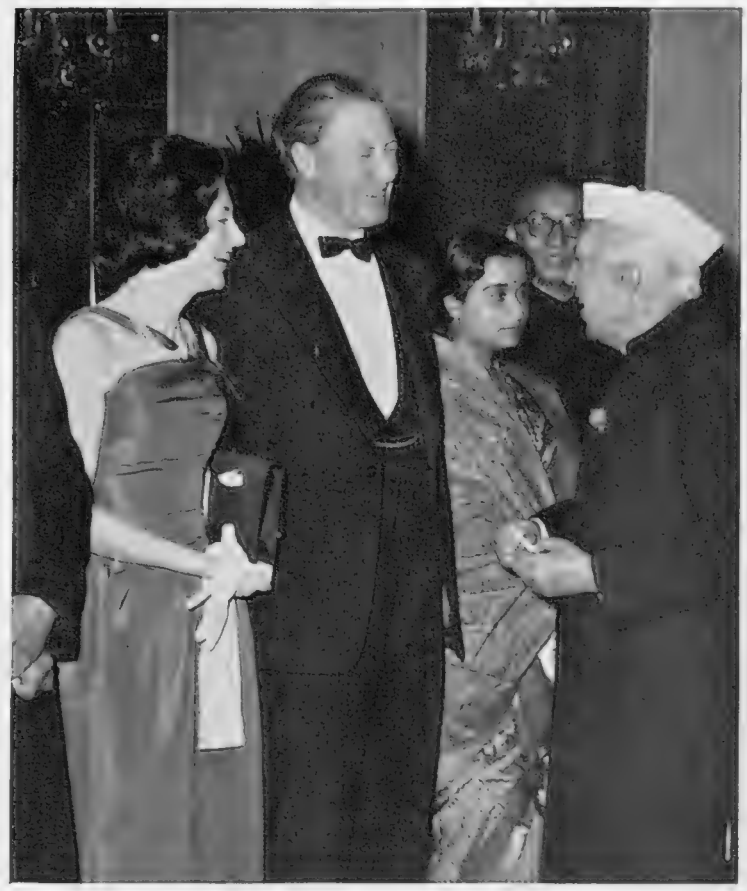
Below right: Jordanians queue up at a polling booth in Amman to register their votes in the country's General Election. The results, announced last week, showed that nearly two-thirds of the sixty members of the House of Representatives will be new. As parties had been banned since 1957 it was still hard to ascertain the political colour of the new Lower House. Wasfi Tal, the Prime Minister, said that he felt that a healthy parliamentary opposition had been created

A PARTY SPLITS IN KENYA

Far right: Holding a cows-tail fly-whisk and a large carved walking-stick, Mr. Paul Ngei addresses a rally of the Kamba tribe in Mombasa, Kenya, at which he received massive support for his breakaway from the Kenya African National Union of Mr. Kenyatta. Mr. Ngei, who spent several years in detention with Mr. Kenyatta, said that he was forming a new party. Without Wakamba support, Kanu's chances in the forthcoming elections are likely to be much less

AFTER THE CEASE-FIRE

Searching for undamaged notes among those burnt by officials in Tezpur before evacuating



Mr. Nehru and Mr. and Mrs. Sandys find time for a joke in Delhi

Shovelling snow from a road in Ladakh to keep it open for supplies

Boys of the Monpa people in Dhirang, North East Frontier Agency

The market is open again in Misamari in the North East Frontier Agency after the Chinese cease-fire. The lorry is one of an Indian army convoy

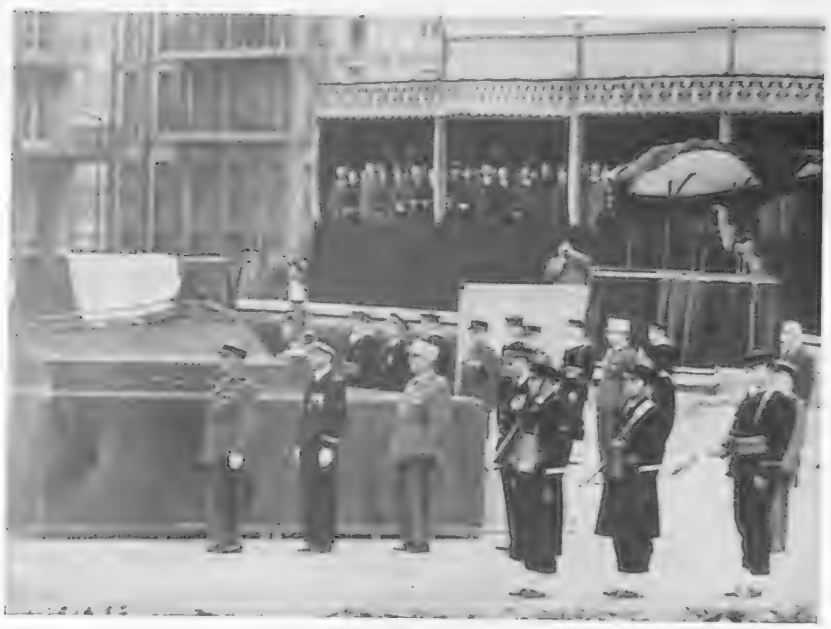
Two Tibetans drag bundles of long sticks along a mountain road in the N.E.F.A. to help clear it of stones

JOHN CONNELL

THE GENERAL-PRESIDENT'S TRIUMPH

We all live, I suppose, on several emotional and intellectual planes at one and the same time. Mine, since I am both an historian and a commentator on contemporary political and diplomatic affairs, are apt to be interweavings across time; these often have a personally dramatic quality, and can be both poignant and ironic. While General de Gaulle was enjoying (though I doubt if that is quite the right word) his electoral victories on recent successive Sundays, it happened that I found myself writing about him in a much earlier avatar, 21 years ago and more, when from London—then from Brazzaville, then from Cairo—he was trying to fan a few smouldering embers of French patriotism, fighting spirit and unity into a fire which would purge his country of the shame of surrender and collaboration.

Nothing in de Gaulle's life, through all its vicissitudes, its griefs and its glories, is more striking than the consistency of his political philosophy. He is, and has always been, the same in all weathers, a rock of moral certitude in the surf and slime of ever-changing circumstance. My own memories of him, few and clear as they are, go back to the period on which I have lately been pondering. He had come to G.H.Q. Middle East, in Cairo, in order to keep a close watch on the launching of the campaign against Vichy-held Syria and the Lebanon in June 1941. It was a time of extraordinary difficulty, delicacy and danger in this theatre



President de Gaulle makes the oration outside the Hotel de Ville in Le Havre at the funeral of his predecessor M. René Coty, the last President of the Fourth Republic

of war. Wavell had held Rommel's forces—but only just—on the Egyptian frontier in the Western Desert. The calamitous Greek episode was having its sequel in the Germans' costly airborne assault on Crete. A pro-Axis uprising in Iraq was in process of being defeated. German aircraft were using French-held airfields in Aleppo in northern Syria. The British War Cabinet—against Wavell's own advice and inclinations—had ordered him to invade Syria and the Lebanon, with the Free French, or accept the alternative of being relieved of his Command.

I remember watching de Gaulle walking up the steps and across the wide terrace of Shepheard's Hotel—his imposing height, his aloof calm, and his long yet stiff stride. This was no suppliant, the barely recognised representative of a defeated and divided nation; this was a man quietly and humbly conscious that, by God's grace, he was the dedicated leader of a great people. Then as now this vision of France's greatness sustained him, and with it his awareness that he was both the awakener and the servant of that greatness.

Those who cannot comprehend this vision, who describe it as "mystical" and think that that is a term of reprobation, cannot comprehend de Gaulle. But that it still has considerable significance to many Frenchmen is a fact we must learn to accept, awkward and disconcerting though those who are convinced that they have "outgrown" so archaic a concept doubtless find it. Few sophisticated and progressive persons, after all, expect to meet—or much enjoy meeting—Joan of Arc reincarnated as a tall, bulky, retired Major-General.

When the results of the recent French general elections were made known, experienced, respectable and respected English commentators described them, a little naively, as "unexpected." Unexpected by whom? Certainly not by the President and his associates and supporters; and certainly not by the majority of the French electorate. But unexpected, one must suppose, by the people from whom British correspondents get both their information and the feel of the country; and, of course, by the party politicians who were given so sound a caning, and could hardly have been supposed, throughout the whole exercise, to preserve much objectivity in their outlook or their comment.

Nevertheless, the results were an impressive success for de Gaulle, and undoubtedly have given him the wide, sure mandate which he has always wanted. The Gaullists, and others pledged to support them, have an absolute majority of the 482 seats in the National Assembly; but the price they have had to pay has been the re-emergence of an alliance between the Socialists and the Communists—described by M. Mollet, who brought it about, as purely temporary and tactical. Where there were ten Communists in the last National Assembly there are now 41, a not inconsiderable figure, even if it is less than half that of the 1956 Assembly. Of course they are crowing; they can claim, as *The Times* has pointed out, that they are both respectable and consistent—consistent in their opposition to de Gaulle, if in nothing else. And since de Gaulle has been chiefly opposed on the grounds that he is acting, and wants to continue to act, in defiance of the constitution, they can pretend that they are amongst the principal defenders of democracy and popular liberty—a preposterous and more than slightly sinister proposition. It is difficult to believe that M. Mollet can maintain for long his thesis that he and his friends are neither committed nor corrupted by their association with the Communists.

What will de Gaulle do with his victory now that he has won it? *The Times*, in the immediate aftermath, observed a trifle caustically that the President had secured himself a stable government, but he has yet to ensure the stability of his régime. This presumably he must now regard as his primary task.

France's long, cruelly painful withdrawal from empire is over. De Gaulle conducted the last stages of retreat with astonishing skill, and a pretty high degree of ruthlessness. The wounds left by Algeria are as yet by no means healed; the resettlement of the refugees, though muted, still remain a complex as well as an unhappy problem, whose effects are felt far more south of the Loire than up in the north. But the two great issues with which the President has to deal, and for whose solution along his own lines he now believes that he has national backing, are the entry of the United Kingdom into the European Economic Community and the establishment of France as a major nuclear power, with her own deterrent. His views on the first of these themes run counter to British ideas and aspirations; and on the second they cut across all the most cherished conceptions of contemporary American strategists and defence planners.

It is believed (though a considerable cloak of security, not unnaturally, covers activities in this sphere) that rapid and detailed preparations are going ahead for the first French H-bomb test, to be made on one of France's small remaining island possessions in the Pacific or Indian Ocean; this, it seems, will not be either small-scale or isolated, but will be linked with further A-bomb tests in the Sahara, where France, under the terms of the Evian agreement, has a five-year lease on atomic bases. The political consequences of this policy, set against American hopes for a major diplomatic *détente* with the Soviet Union (including an agreement on a nuclear test ban), are likely to be hardly less explosive, in their own fashion, than the devices themselves.

At the same time there are indications that France's views on the conditions for Britain's entry into E.E.C., which have never been markedly pliable, are stiffening and becoming even more exacting than they were at Brussels on that cool, rainswept August morning when Mr. Heath's (and Mr. Macmillan's) hopes for a swift and fairly profitable agreement were so harshly shattered. "It'll be all right in October," we were told then; it is now the beginning of December, and all is by no means all right even yet. Therefore Mr. Macmillan, before he goes to the Bahamas to see President Kennedy, will go to Rambouillet to see President de Gaulle. It seems certain that, once the stately courtesies are completed, the General-President will be as intractable as possible.

That this attitude, this pattern of behaviour is from time to time awkward for France's friends and allies must be conceded. It makes the ordinary give-and-take, the careful formulation of all-round acceptable compromise, difficult if not totally impossible. But it must be remembered that it is nothing new, and that de Gaulle has gone a long, long way with it from that first day in 1940 when—an unknown junior general who had held briefly a minor portfolio in Paul Reynaud's last, tragic Government—he landed in England and announced that he proposed to lead France's continuing fight. Other leaders, with other ideas and other methods, might have arisen in the course of the struggle with Nazi Germany; but no one could have, so completely and so assuredly, embodied the spirit of France. That was his achievement 22 years ago; and it is his achievement now. The France he leads may not be an easy, comfortable neighbour and ally; but it is a France with greatness of purpose. If we could say the same about Britain, a real understanding with France might not be at all difficult.

Against a background of Germany's highest mountain, the Zugspitze, in Bavaria, tiny figures weave their way dextrously down the slalom track. A special slalom race between the men's and women's teams of the German Alpine Skiing Federation was the inaugural event of the 1962-1963 ski season in Germany

THE SKI SEASON OPENS

Boys of Tonbridge School raise their straw hats as the Headmaster, Mr. McCrum (right), calls for three cheers for Princess Alexandra, visiting the School to open the new Smythe Library and the Ironside Cloister

The large coloured photo-mural of Trafalgar, taken from Wylie's Post Office in Trafalgar Square, London. This was opened last

A London Newsletter

13-15, JOHN ADAM STREET, W.C.2.

M.P.S' PAY. I could understand if a majority of M.P.s should prefer that their renewed demand for an increase in pay should be passed to the National Incomes Committee for examination, the first and most swiftly settled item on the N.I.C. agenda. No doubt, among the backbenchers and especially on Labour back benches, there are many hard cases. But many members on all sides would be anxious about the effect of voting themselves another £1,000 a year or so, certainly in the lifetime of the present Parliament. A case can undoubtedly be made for helping genuine hard cases, particularly if inadequate funds hamper them from carrying out their duties as an M.P. effectively. But surely this should be on a means-test basis. Parliament is composed of full-time and part-time members. Some do more than others in the precincts of the House in the dull work of morning committees. Others come to the sitting after earning handsome emoluments in Board Rooms or in Court. Some are rich men by inheritance. Every type has a remedy in his own hands. Probably few can claim a patriotic vocation or assert " I know that I can save my country and that nobody else can." There are plenty of candidates for seats even at " starvation " wages. It may be that the long hours which the poorest and most devoted of them put in are too little acknowledged and may be of vital national importance. But let us remember that politics, though a chancy business, can bring fine rewards, and that satisfied ambition, which is sometimes a motive for embracing this particular public duty, is part payment of the wage for the job. And that goes for junior Ministers " whose lot is extremely hard." They may find that their permanent officials earn more than they do. If that fact " lowers their own status," the fault lies with them. They have the ultimate responsibility, and if they exercise it well, they climb up quite a golden ladder to a place in history, not to a mere G.B.E. And " money isn't everything "—even today. An agreed tariff of comparative rates for comparative jobs may be desirable in this age of Money First, but place and power are magnets which gold does not always attract. It is said that no one need starve in our Welfare State, and if some prefer to paint bad pictures or write bad verse, while others choose to sit at Westminster, none need exist below the bread line as they pursue their chosen careers.

" AND THEN THERE WERE FIVE." With all respect to Mr. Macleod, on paper at least the Tories, like the Prussians at Ligny, were " damnably licked." They were lucky not to lose four out of five of their own seats. But Robinson Crusoe's method of balancing accounts—good side and bad side—puts a less one-sided view of the affair. The Tories lost two and nearly lost four out of five. Yes, but they have checked, even halted, their June landslide. They fully expected to win in Dorset. Yes, but they found a " traitor " in their midst, and a persuasive one. Labour has cause for satisfaction. Yes, but their polling shows them to be no more than steady on the

A GIFT WITH A CONTINUING REMINDER

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picture the battle, in the new ultra-modern General
week b ss Mervyn Pike, the Assistant Postmaster-General

Harvesting Christmas trees in Hazelborough Forest near Northampton. Only the tops of the trees are used for the annual seasonal decoration

upward urge, and all parties expected them to do better still in Glasgow, where in fact their share of that poll dropped several points. The Liberals have perhaps the best reason for self-satisfaction? Yes, but they haven't gone from strength to strength or hauled out a plum. The Common Market (as I ventured to prophesy) was by no means the key issue throughout these constituencies. How much these election results have indicated of coming trends in the General Election, I cannot guess. Not very much perhaps. Much can happen in a year or so. The Tory hopes of a definite comeback were dashed because their pots were not yet boiling. Perhaps they are on the boil now or soon will be. Meanwhile they must march breast-forward, and imitate Browning's Superman (for Kipling's is set too high for Humanity). They must hold " we sink to swim, are baffled to fight better, sleep to wake." It is high time to awake out of sleep, for all the parties are becoming aware that the electorate is waking up and either taking notice or—yawning.

Skating, one of the traditional delights of winter, provides the theme for William McLaren's cover for this year's *Sphere* Christmas Number, which is now on sale. In full colour and in black and white, inside the issue is a splendid range of subjects

" The Sphere " Christmas Number (price 5s. 8d. including postage to any part of the world) can be ordered from your newsagent or direct from The Publisher, The Sphere, 13-15, John Adam Street, London, W.C.2

DISCIPLINE UPHELD. Mr. Lucas, the Headmaster of Midhurst Grammar School, where the " Great Strike " took place at the height of the Cuban crisis, has received backing from the School Governors and the West Sussex Education Committee, for the disciplinary action he took against the strikers. Both bodies thought it right to acknowledge their appreciation of the " sincerity " of the strikers. The disciplinary measures taken do not appear to have been unduly severe. The children involved lost a day of their half-term holiday. The right of a headmaster to discipline his pupils has been therefore satisfactorily, if mildly, upheld. I had no idea that this right (indeed, duty) of a headmaster was a matter for confirmation by higher authority. But so it clearly was. Which makes it easier to understand the haywire state of discipline in more adult fields of endeavour where strikes and subversion are the order of the day, as they have been at Dagenham. Clearly, the right of the " head " to discipline in proven cases of subversive actions is by no means accepted as a truism anywhere on earth today, but Mr. Lucas's mild riposte was surely not victimisation. Should he have welcomed back the offenders with full honours and sixth-form privileges, while higher authorities deliberated at greater length and with more meticulous scrutiny of precedents whether any scintilla of right remains to a boss to enforce discipline under present day conditions?

TOO HOT TO BURN. A Press report:

" Colombo.—Customs officials here have dumped into the sea about 10,000 United States magazines, claimed to be obscene, which they had tried in vain to burn."

It was remarked that the sea temperature recently rose sharply along Ceylon's western seaboard, and the above is a possible explanation. We have quite recent proof that the East does not entirely reject Western civilisation, but is prepared to imitate and profit by what is deemed good in it. But the authorities in Colombo, it seems, drew the line at this particular profitable export from the most influential and civilised Western nation, and Britain might usefully follow Ceylon's example, by adopting " something good " in Eastern civilisation. Economical methods of central heating are all the rage now and we might consider the advantages of this form of fuel. We have plenty to spare in our own country, not excluding Lady Chatterley. If the lady's not for burning, I would suggest that she may be useful for boiling water in another way.

CIGARETTES AND THE JONESES. Manufacturers who are members of the Tobacco Advisory Committee have decided to come into line with the I.T.V. authority and will no longer advertise cigarette smoking on the basis of its glamour, its proof of status and of manliness. Even its pleasure will not be over emphasised. Henceforward, the pleasure of being in love will not be linked or compared with the pleasure of cigarette-smoking. It will be interesting to discover what sales-appeal remains. " A packet a day keeps the doctor away," perhaps. What about the comparatively innocent and democratic pipe? This touches me more nearly. In my constant struggle to keep up with the Joneses, I have gradually amassed (on easy terms) a T.V. set (with aerials), and half a dozen electric kitchen gadgets, but my pipe smoking habits date back a generation before these gadgets were invented and are so deep rooted as always to have been safe from the changing winds of propaganda. Certainly I never connected a pipe with glamour. " *Jones*, take a fresh cigar; *Brown*, the tobacco jar. Here's to thee, Bacon." My own intention is to pipe on to the end in a minor key.

THE OLD STAGER

ENTERTAINMENT

OLD VIC REVIVED

The three plays now running in the theatre's current season

PEER GYNT: The wedding guests incite Peer (Leo McKern), right, to get drunk

Faced with the classics of the English stage, it is the task of the director to reconcile the sometimes contradictory aims of remaining faithful to the essence of the original play and at the same time to bring home its relevance to today. To say this is simple: the methods of achieving this kind of success are necessarily empirical and are many and various. The heart-warming rejuvenation this season of the Old Vic under its new artistic director Michael Elliott, after a too-long period of damp depression, has been founded on two electrifying productions of difficult classics. Sandwiched in between these two—Ibsen's *Peer Gynt* and Ben Jonson's *The Alchemist*—was one disappointing near-miss—*The Merchant of Venice*.

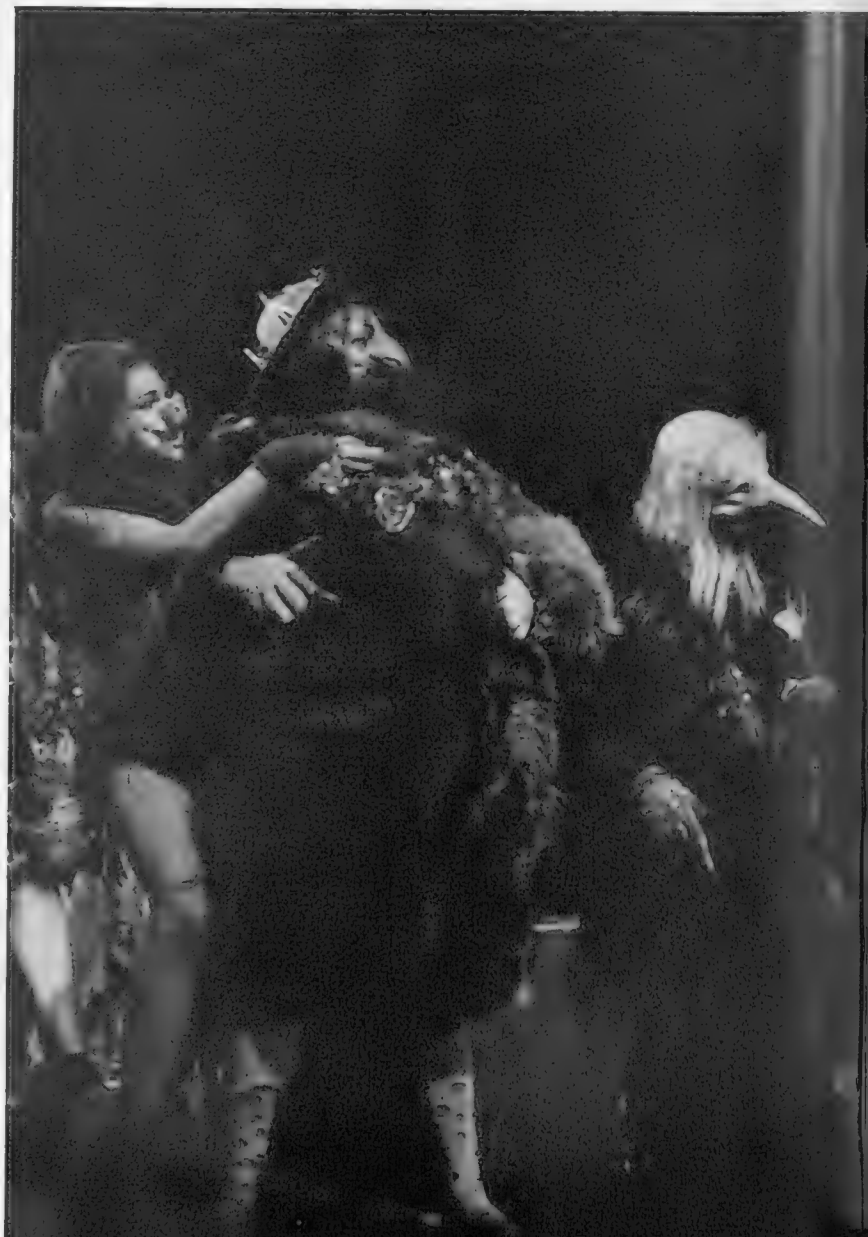
The English well-made play, the play which dissects a problem against a realistic social background, owes an incalculable debt to later Ibsen. For long, his earlier masterpiece, *Peer Gynt*, was remembered only in Grieg's fairy-tale music. But today the episodic, picaresque play has come back into fashion. In Michael Elliott's production of the tale of Peer, an anti-hero, given to wandering on the face of the earth as he day-dreams, the uncluttered speed and electrifying energy of the cast make the play live as theatrically as, say, *The Wild Duck*. Splendid use is made of the redesigned stage and slide backcloths. *Peer Gynt* was once thought hard on the audience. Those who have not yet been to the Old Vic to see this production, should do so to see how wrong this judgment was.

The Old Vic's revival faltered with *The Merchant of Venice*, despite good performances, but came back with Sir Tyrone Guthrie's modern-dress version of Ben Jonson's *Alchemist*. It opened last week. This hard, scarifying comedy, with its glittering lines, comes off a fair treat in today's terms. Its story of the two con-men, Subtle and Face, and their moll, Dol Common, who promise riches to anyone they trap with the quicksilver of their tongues, is as relevant as a modern, satirical revue.

Jolyon Wimhurst

On the mountain, the three peasant girls scream for a man

The king of the Trolls (Esmond Knight) and his daughter (Adrienne Corri)



HE ALCHEMIST: Pertinax Surly (Eric Thompson); Dol (Priscilla Morgan); Subtle (Leo McKern); Sir Epicure Mammon (Charles Gray); and Face (Lee Montague)

Left: THE MERCHANT OF VENICE: Portia (Sheila Allen)

Right: Ananias (David William) is not convinced that Subtle, the alchemist, is able to turn base metal into gold

Below: Sir Epicure is struck by the charms of Dol Common

THE VOICE OF THE COMMON

NEW ZEALAND

An expanding wine industry

The progress of wine-making in New Zealand was shown at this year's wine exhibition held in Wellington under the auspices of the Department of Industries and Commerce, when 193 different commercial and exhibition wines from 14 New Zealand vineyards were exhibited. A total of 114 awards were made, compared with 65 last year.

Wine-making in New Zealand is as old as the country's history. The Rev. Samuel Marsden planted the first vines in 1819, and more were introduced in 1833 by James Busby, the first British Resident, who made wine at Waitangi for sale to the Imperial troops. The Government towards the close of the last century had the vision to see the wine-making potential of New Zealand and the need for the services of a highly qualified expert in grape growing and wine-making from overseas.

Thus, in 1895, an Italian viticulturist, Signor Romeo Bragato, was commissioned to report on the prospects for viticulture and wine-making. The report was favourable and Signor Bragato was appointed Viticulturist to the New Zealand Government in 1902 and placed in control of the experimental vineyards and winery at Te Kauwhata established by the Department of Agriculture in 1898. Since then this experimental station at Te Kauwhata has imported, from all over the world, several hundred grape varieties. These have been carefully tested and the best selected for distribution to commercial vignerons. The research and example in the technology of wine-making at Te Kauwhata became a guiding light to the early wine makers and is still leading the industry on to greater accomplishments.

It was not until the turn of the century that a wine industry of any size began to take shape, when further plantings were made by immigrants from the Continental wine-making countries. Their patient work began to show results in the mid-1920's. With the passing of time, production and quality rose, and today the industry is producing a million gallons of wine a year from about 150 cellars.

The main producing regions are Auckland (centred around Henderson) and Hawke's Bay, where a range of light table wines, sweet dessert wines and dry sherry are produced. Recently, a Henderson wine maker won a gold medal with his sweet sherry and a silver medal for his dry sherry in the International Wine Fair in Ljubljana, and some Hawke's Bay wines won silver and bronze medals in the International Wine Fair in Hungary. Many other medals have been awarded to New Zealand wines since the first was won by a monastery winery in Hawke's Bay at the Paris Exhibition in 1899.

New Zealand has so far mainly specialised in the production of heavier types of wine such as port, sweet and dry sherry and madeira. This meets popular demand, as for every bottle of table wine New Zealanders drink six of dessert wine. Good table wine is produced on a smaller but increasing scale and New Zealand has climatic advantages to excel in the production of wine of this type.

A general view of a vineyard in the Henderson Valley near Auckland

Guests at the opening of the 1962 New Zealand Wine Exhibition at Wellington watch an official spelling out from the label of a Henderson vineyard's Sauterne its elongated Maori name—Taumatawhatatangihangakoauauotamatearakaiwhenuakitanatahi

From left at the Annual Dinner of the Radio and Electronics Industry in London are three Commonwealth High Commissioners: Tunku Ya'acob ibni Al-Marhum (Malaya); Mohammed Currim Chagla (India) and Mr. T. L. Macdonald (New Zealand)

MALAYA

The Prime Minister speaks his mind on China and India

Speaking over Radio Malaya, the Prime Minister, Tunku Abdul Rahman, commented on the Sino-Indian dispute that the Indians were caught by surprise, and had never thought that Communist China, whose cause they had championed at the United Nations from time to time, and whose occupation of Tibet they had tolerated, should have turned against them without a word of warning. The Tunku said it had come as no surprise to him; when he visited India recently he had told his friends there that Malaya had had 12 years of emergency because of acts of terrorism by the Communists.

He then recounted how he had met Chin Peng, the Communist leader, when Malaya was approaching independence, and pleaded with him to give up the struggle. Chin Peng had agreed, saying he was not fighting against the Malayan people, but against the British to end colonialism. However, after independence in August 1957, Communist terrorism under Chin Peng had continued. " He did not honour the pledge made to me in Baling and, to be truthful, I did not expect it of him," said the Prime Minister. Chin Peng was defeated and was now in hiding on the Thai-Malayan border. " But," remarked the Tunku, " he is perhaps waiting for the opportunity to strike back and this opportunity, I gather, could present itself if the border war goes badly for India."

WEALTH

The items in "The Voice of the Commonwealth" are contributed and do not necessarily reflect the views of the Editor of "The Sphere"

To those who puzzled about the Chinese action against India, who asked what use was a patch of rugged mountains, and why was there this sudden change of heart against a friendly nation, the Tunku said that the answer was simple. The Chinese had no quarrel with India. Between Chinese and Indians there was friendship and goodwill, but between the two ideologies of communism and democracy there was a gulf of difference. The Chinese Communists realised that the effect of a successful attack on India would give them the highest stature and prestige in the continent of Asia and persuade all the smaller countries of Asia onto her side. For India to fall would not be their aim, because that would mean a world war, which the Chinese did not want. They only wished, said the Tunku, to display their strength by an attack on India, and thereby win a psychological war by spreading fear in the minds of all wavering nations. "If she can succeed in humiliating India then Communist China's desire for a moral victory is satisfied."

The Prime Minister went on to say that democracy, which was congenial to the Malayan way of life, was at stake, and therefore it was "our duty to defend it." To those Malayans who felt the border conflict was racial rather than ideological he said that they were not true Malayans and "all their protestation of loyalty to this country as Malayans is all false and nonsense." If the prestige of India were to be lowered and India humiliated it would only be a question of time before democratic Malaya went under. "So those who live our way of life and believe in democracy must give their full support to democratic India." The Tunku concluded with an appeal for material support.

From left are Captain Elvish of H.M.S. *Wellington*; Mr. Richard Bull and Mrs. Catherine Bull, relatives of the Australian artist Miss Norma Bull. They are holding Miss Bull's etching of "Hobart from the Old Fortress" which was presented, while she was in London last week, to the Honourable Company of Master Mariners on board *Wellington*

The Governor of Northern Nigeria, Sir Kashim Ibrahim, at Buckingham Palace after receiving his knighthood from the Queen. He is with his daughter Fatima

BOOK REVIEWS

Australian vignettes; and a pictorial study of India

Collectors of Australiana will find much to delight them in AN AUSTRALIAN STORY 1837-1907 (Michael Joseph. 25s.), by Maie Casey, which tells the story of four generations of Australian families in the course of adapting themselves to a strange environment 12,000 miles from home—"a rude neglected corner of the universe." Lady Casey, who has had a rich and rewarding life in both England and Australia as the wife of a distinguished politician-diplomat, describes her book as a mixture of the recorded and the remembered. Using her recollections of her own early years as a framework, she builds up a fascinating picture of a childhood in and around "Victorian" Melbourne. The book is ornamented with a succession of character studies of personalities, and minutely recalled vignettes of large rambling houses with wrought iron verandas, French maids, and other trappings of nineteenth-century civilisation, such as her grandmother's "orchestrion"—a giant musical box from Switzerland, which ground out melodies from *La Traviata* and *Il Trovatore*. Underlying it all, however, one senses forcibly the freedom and "mateship" of a tough and expanding frontier society. The book has an attractive jacket designed by Sydney Nolan, as has OUTRIDER (Macdonald. 25s.), a book of poems by the Western Australian poet, Randolph Stow. This is brief, atmospheric verse, again with a distinctive Australian feel, peculiarly pungent in "In Praise of Hillbillies." Nolan, to whom one of the poems is dedicated, has also provided several striking illustrations—paintings in drab green and smoky brown calling to mind the scrubby desolation of the outback.

A large, comprehensive and copiously illustrated study of INDIA, *The Country and its Traditions* (Harrap. 63s.) by Jean Filliozat, Professor at the College de France and Director of the Institut Francais d'Indologie at Pondicherry, is well worth noting. This covers the country, the people, the culture and the history of the Indian nation, with a universality that Indians will surely appreciate. In his foreword, Mr. Nehru says of it: "I hope it will succeed in making its readers realise the long background of India which has conditioned us through the millenia of our history."

M.K.W.

Left: A street scene in Calcutta, one of the illustrations from Professor Filliozat's book *India*, published by Harrap

Two of the Auster Mk.V. aircraft and a Widgeon helicopter of the Hong Kong Auxiliary Air Force on the Force's airstrip in the New Territories

Training in air traffic control

UNIQUE AIR FORCE

The members of the Hong Kong Auxiliary Air Force are believed to be unique in two ways—they are probably the last such unit in the Commonwealth and they have never been engaged in active combat. Made up of both Chinese and Europeans from the Crown Colony, those who wear the auxiliaries' uniform with its distinctive red shoulder flashes come from numerous trades and professions. Being volunteers, their training time is mostly limited to a 14-day autumn camp and weekend operations. The services they provide range from operating the "flying doctor" helicopters to taking the Governor or visiting V.I.P.s on aerial tours of the territory. They are always ready to turn out in an emergency and their pilots and helicopters have answered countless mercy calls at short notice to transport the sick or injured to hospital from the parts of the Colony which are difficult of access. On such a mission one pilot earned the Queen's Commendation.

A member of the ground crew checks the instruments of an Auster Mk.V.

Maintenance on the wheels of the Auster

In flight over Hong Kong. On the engine cowl of the aircraft is painted the insignia of the H.K.A.A.F.—a red dragon over crossed propellers

A long file of pilgrims pick their way across the sands at low tide towards Holy Island, off the coast of Northumberland

BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

LITTLE-KNOWN COAST

Strolling along the prom. at Whitley Bay, Newcastle's " Southend "

Bamburgh Castle, an ancient stronghold on the Northumbe

Few people, planning a seaside holiday, give so much as a thought to the north-east coast. Indeed, it would not be altogether an exaggeration to say that the coastline north of the Tees is *terra incognita* for the vast majority of holiday-makers.

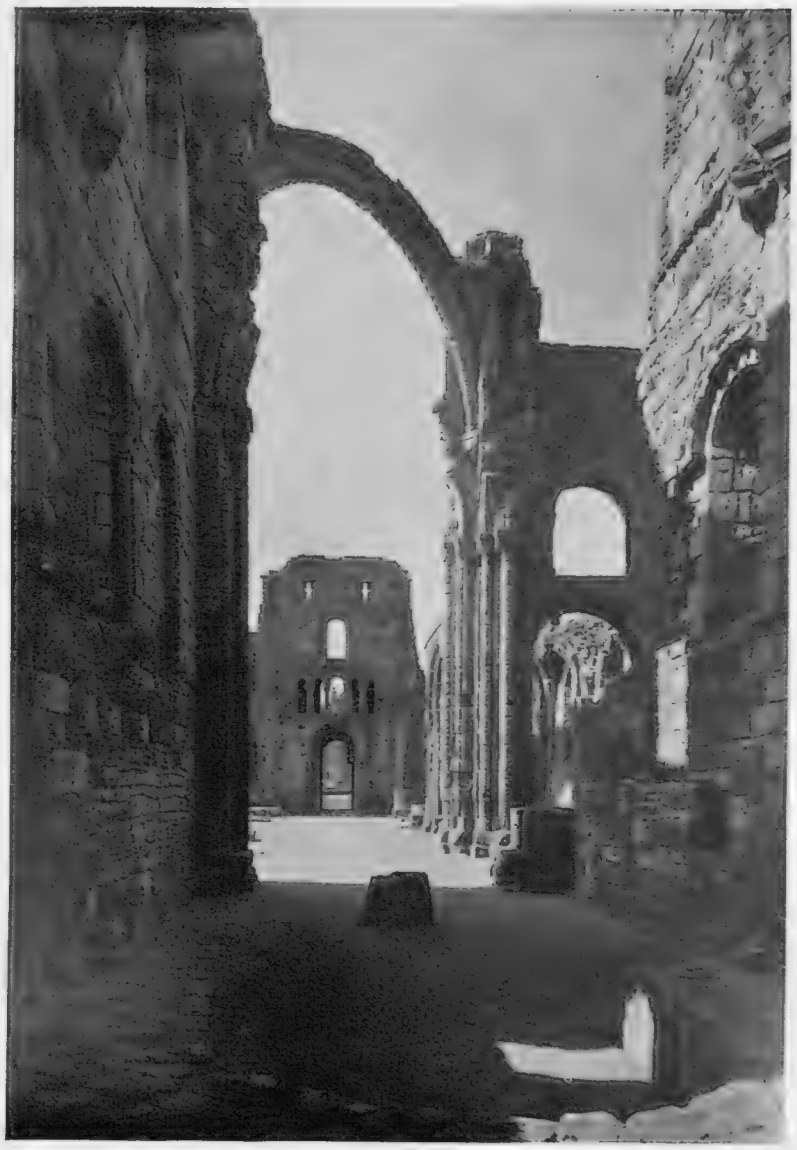
The reason is obvious enough. It may be summed up in three words: " coals to Newcastle." Most people, other than the natives who often express pained surprise about it, visualise the North-east as a vast industrial area, a huge conglomeration of coal mines, steel works, belching chimneys and smog, and certainly not as a holiday country. Despite the native astonishment, there is some foundation for this.

The mouth of the Tees is the entrance to the most industrialised area of what may justly be described as the east coast's " Black Country "; for it is here that the combined products of the Yorkshire iron mines and the Durham coal mines are manufactured for use at home and abroad or are exported in the raw. This is, and has been for a very long time, shipbuilding (now in sad decline) and iron-and-steel country, and within recent years it has also become a great centre of the chemical industry. Most people know this well enough and so, if they are going north for a holiday, they give Durham and Northumberland a miss. They press on for Scotland.

Doing so, they miss some of the finest moorland country in England. I have written about this moorland countryside more than once in these columns, but what of the coastline? I cannot say that I know it all as well as I do the moorland, but I have travelled its length bit by bit over the years, and I have to admit that I should not describe some of it as " holiday coast," that is, if by holiday coast you mean golden sands, safe bathing, sunbathing and the like.

Take the Durham coast. It is composed of grey magnesian limestone cliffs, pretty well all the way from Tees to Tyne. There are sandy beaches; the coble, the boat peculiar to this coast and now fast disappearing, would not have been built were there not, for the coble is a keel-less boat, rounded in the bows and flat in the stern, designed to make a safe stern-on landing on a sandy beach in rough weather. But that is about all. For a holiday you need more than a sandy beach; you need accommodation. A study of the A.A. handbook will soon convince you that seaside accommodation in County Durham is scarce. For example, Seaton Carew, two miles south of West Hartlepool, has all the facilities demanded of a popular seaside resort, but no mention in the handbook. So far as the motorist, planning a holiday, is concerned, Seaton Carew might not exist. No, this is a working coast, a coal coast, and not a holiday coast. The ports of Sunderland and Seaham are given up to coal, and so are the intermediate villages.

The Northumberland coast is different. I suppose that you could describe it as uneventful. It certainly is compared with the wild richness of inland Northumbria, but wherever you go along this low shore there is always something exceptional to give it quality. Even in the coalfield area the yellow sandstone rock gives a richly-coloured foreshore. And the



d coast. Still immensely impressive, it has been extensively restored. **Right:** The ruins of the Priory on Holy Island. **Below:** The harbour and fishing village of Craster

easide places here—Tynemouth (mellowed ictorian), Cullercoats, Whitley Bay (a seaside esort in the modern manner, bearing to Newcastle much the same relation as Southend to London and doing it supremely well), Blyth and Newbiggin (both compound of colliery and sea-front)—have immense character. You could not find them anywhere else. Even Whitley Bay is specifically Northumbrian.

The coalfield ends at Amble, Coquet Island and its lighthouse marking the boundary. The change is dramatic, romantically so. Here yellow sandstone gives way to strange geological formations, the only industry is fishing: this is the land of saints and castles, all the way from Coquet Island to the border. And, if you want a centre for this wonderful stretch of coast, let me recommend Sea Houses, which is a busy little place and has one of the friendliest and most comfortable inns I have met in all my travels.

Craster boasts one of the most striking natural harbours anywhere in the British Isles, bitten out of a huge lump of black columnar basalt. This volcanic rock is the end of the

(*continued overleaf*)

The beach at Sunderland—the photograph shows a different side of the city, usually only considered as a huge shipbuilding and industrial centre

LITTLE-KNOWN COAST

(*continued from previous page*)

Whin Sill, which first appears on the Cumberland border, and it appears once or twice more along this coast, always to most striking effect. A little beyond Craster it bulges again from the sea's bed and on the promontory stands the forlorn ruin of Dunstanburgh Castle. The walk from Craster along a grassy track above the gently shelving foreshore is among my favourites. If you take it in early spring you will have for company only the terns, the kittiwakes and the cattle, the east wind to give you energy and ahead the ruins of the castle. Dunstanburgh becomes more and more impressive the closer you approach. The much more famous Bamburgh Castle, which is also built on an outcrop of the Whin Sill, becomes less impressive as you approach, so greatly has it been restored. But, viewed from a distance, and especially from the north, those immense curtain walls rising sheer from the cliff face are awe-inspiring, unmatched in Britain. And the view from the magnificent ramparts over to the Farne Islands is every whit as good.

Just to the north of Bamburgh lies Holy Island or Lindisfarne. The best way to reach it is by boat, not by ancient car at low tide. All you have to do is to walk out along the trackless warren on the south side of the bay, where it forms a peninsula reaching to within a couple of hundred yards or so of the island, and wave. One of the islanders will see you and bring a boat over. You need have no fear that you will not be seen. Holy Islanders have eyesight to match the gulls!

And so to Berwick, where from a point on the high ground on the south bank of the Tweed you may look back to Holy Island and Bamburgh Castle, and, if you are lucky, you may perhaps see, faint in the distance, the Longstone Lighthouse, Grace Darling's home.

It is a wonderful coastline this from Amble northwards. If it were to be advertised, tourists would flock in their thousands. But that would mean hotels being built—accommodation is very limited and it would never be the same again. No doubt all that would be good financially for the local population. I hope it never happens. I hope it remains *terra incognita* for the vast majority. I am selfish; unashamedly so.

The basalt cliffs at Dunstanburgh in Northumberland. **Left:** Seaton Carew Golf Course not far from West Hartlepool. **Below:** The harbour and beach at Cullercoats, which is one of the resorts on the Northumberland coast

Both packs get round in a loose scrum

As he is tackled, P. S. A. Taylor (Eastbourne) passes to E. J. L. Koops (Eastbourne)

The forwards go up in a line-out

PUBLIC SCHOOLS FOOTBALL

ST. JOHN'S v EASTBOURNE

Eastbourne College travelled to St. John's, Leatherhead, on a cold wet day which gave both sides their first taste this season of mud and a slippery ball. It was a close, hard-fought game. St. John's began confidently with a run and cross-kick by their right wing, A. C. A. Smart. But gradually the Eastbourne forwards got on top. In the second half the visitors missed two clear scoring chances, when a St. John's forward was twice caught offside in front of his goalposts. But they made no mistake a third time, and their scrum-half, P. S. A. Taylor, dived over from a loose scrum in front of the posts. The try was converted by M. I. Samuel. St. John's fought back in the closing minutes but were unable to score, leaving Eastbourne the winners by 5—0.

N. J. R. Clark, the St. John's scrum-half, breaks round the blind side of the scrum

N. J. R. Clark (St. John's) with the ball. **Left:** Clark is tackled by A. D. C. Morris (Eastbourne), with R. K. G. Goodwin centre

TRAVEL

THE PLEASURES OF MAJORCA

By **GORDON COOPER**

Of all the islands in the Mediterranean, Majorca has had perhaps the most astonishing success story of all. Its annual number of visitors is fast approaching the half-million mark, while heading the list, British holiday-makers outnumber even the Spaniards.

The reasons behind its success are not far to seek. Excellent climate at a time when our own is still in the winter doldrums, good beaches, colourful vegetation and the natural warmth of heart of the Majorcans make excellent ingredients for a holiday. Though prices have risen in recent years, one can still live in near-luxury for considerably less than many other places, especially outside Palma.

To meet the snowballing tourist demand, hotels are being built at a quite phenomenal pace, particularly around Palma and the adjacent coast where, to the west of the capital, the little resorts caught between sea and mountains will soon form an almost unbroken necklace to Puerto Andraitx, 22 miles distant. But for a first visit, in spite of its charm as a city and its convenience as a centre for excursions, I would suggest one's time should not be devoted entirely to Palma unless one is especially fond of crowds. The ideal would be to hire a car, which can be done on the spot or through the B.E.A. car-hire plan, before departure. Otherwise I suggest a few days in Palma, and then a more restful stay somewhere smaller.

Majorca can be reached in 2½ hours by air from London, while the approach to Palma by sea is one of the minor joys of travel. This is an overnight journey from Barcelona, Valencia or Alicante and though, personally, I have found some of the shipping services leave a good deal to be desired, one could hardly wish for a more dramatic journey's ending. The city piles up on the shore, its long waterfront lined with one elegant hotel edifice after another, while the harbour itself is dominated by the extravagant grace of the Cathedral, among the loveliest in Europe.

Though the beach of Playa Arenal to the south-east of Palma is being developed at tremendous speed, the surroundings are rather dull and the main " tourist " side of the city is still Terreno, whose hotel-lined sea-front is a scene of perpetual animation until the early hours of the morning. This can be trying if you are not feeling animated yourself, since, in summer at least, it is impossible to sleep with windows closed. Terreno is linked in a few minutes by museum-piece buses, taxi, or horse and carriage with the town centre whose picturesque alleyways, many with beautiful old houses, are truly delightful. So are some of its churches, among which you should not fail to visit that of San Francisco. Its cloisters are of great beauty, while the church itself houses the tomb

A horse-drawn vehicle in Palma's Paseo Sagrera. **Below:** The Formentor Peninsula, one of Majorca's scenic spots

Fishermen inspect their nets on one of the small beaches at Puerto de Pollensa, " considered by many as the loveliest corner of Majorca "

of Majorca's greatest son, Raymond Lully, who was one of the most remarkable men of the thirteenth century. The Cathedral of Palma, too, merits more than a casual visit. Founded in 1230 by King Jaime the Conqueror, it grew for the next 400 years, a superb monument to Gothic architecture, its interior rich in treasures.

Palma itself has no beaches, though many of its first-class hotels have their own swimming-pools. West of Terreno there are a few tiny beaches and rock-bathing facilities, but for good sea bathing you should go farther afield to resorts such as Paguera and Camp de Mar, though these naturally are very crowded in summer. The emptiest beach near Palma at present is at Sta Ponsa, near Paguera and about 15 miles from Palma, though this, too, is to be developed.

Outside Palma, the main centres on Majorca are Puerto de Soller, on the west coast, Puerto de Pollensa in the north, and Porto Cristo on the east. Though these centres are developing too, the pace is not so intensive as at Palma and, in the evening, when the fleets of excursion coaches which come daily from the capital have gone home, they are comparatively peaceful.

Organised excursions from Palma take in all the main sights of the island. One of the most popular, of course, is to Valldemosa monastery where one can visit the cells (considerably more spacious than one might expect) occupied by George Sand and Chopin. The same excursion includes Puerto de Pollensa and the magnificent stretch of coast adjacent to it. Porto Cristo is another favourite destination, with the nearby Caves of Drach and the Caves of Hams. The sheer fantasy of this underworld of stalactites and stalagmites, and their delicate colouring, are most impressive, though, as in the case of Valldemosa, one might wish to see them under less crowded conditions. A third excursion traverses the whole island to Puerto de Pollensa and Cape Formentor, considered by many as the loveliest corner of Majorca. One of my own favourite resorts, Cala San Vicente, is near Pollensa. Two perfect small beaches fringe a sea that is caught among superb red cliffs ; by one of these beaches is the excellent Hotel Molins (1A).

In spite of all the development, there remain vast stretches of Majorcan coast that are barely discovered. The biggest beach of the whole island, fringing the Bay of Alcudia in the north, has little on it except Puerto de Alcudia at one end. Backing this bay are the immense marshlands of Albufera which, curiously enough, were irrigated, cultivated and rendered briefly prosperous in the last century by an English engineer, William Greene.

They subsequently fell into disuse and are now partially cultivated, but an enormous project to clear and redevelop this area is under way, and already villas, blocks of flats and a large hotel are making an appearance near Puerto de Alcudia, a small lively village with a few hotels which is, as yet, undisturbed by day-trippers from Palma.

There are good beaches (often empty) along Majorca's east coast where small resorts such as Cala d'Or, Cala Millor and Cala Ratjada boast between them but a handful of hotels.

Finally, as a change from beaches, I would mention some of the delightful country estates on the island. The best known of these are Alfabia and Raxa, both quite near to Palma and included on some organised excursions, though the loveliness of their gardens will be far more appreciated in solitude. These gardens, beautifully laid out, bear a strong Arabic influence and to while away an afternoon in their utter peace is one of the pleasures of a Majorcan holiday.

For further information:
Spanish National Tourist Office, 70 Jermyn Street, London, S.W.1.

BOOKS

HOLIDAY CAMP MILLIONAIRE

Success story of Billy Butlin; from wholesale dressmakers to gamekeepers; this week's fiction

There is a great deal to be said for a success story, even when written with a uniform level of enthusiasm as is Mr. Rex North's THE BUTLIN STORY (Jarrolds. 18s.). Such a record of a rise to fame and fortune does all but the most dyspeptic reader good and restores his faith in private enterprise, initiative and all the jollier forms of ambition. Mr. Billy Butlin, as he says, got off to a nomadic start, being born in South Africa, briefly educated in Canada and setting about earning his living in England. His father was the son of a clergyman, his mother came from a family of travelling showmen, but the parson had been a sporting one of the old kind, and Billy Butlin's mixed ancestry provided a pretty good start for the chubby little man who was to become famous for his holiday camps and, as "Mr. Happiness," the creator of a fabulously popular chain organisation for dispensing entertainment, sport and hilarity on a community basis. By 1947 Billy Butlin was a millionaire, and this circumstance has not noticeably decreased his *joie de vivre*.

SOMETHING WHOLESALE (Secker and Warburg. 18s.) is another autobiographical book from Mr. Eric Newby, whose wide variety of interests has already been illustrated by an account of his experiences as a 19-year-old sailing before the mast and as a late-30-year-old climbing a mountain in the Hindu Kush. In the present book Mr. Newby has written of his life in the women's wholesale dress business, an enterprise run by his father and mother in London. In many ways, indeed, this is as much the story of his father as of himself, and he has given a charming, humorous and affectionate picture of an amiably eccentric man to whom sculling on the Thames was the height of earthly satisfaction and who helped to row his last skiff up-river from Bray to Henley when 80.

It is sad to have to record the death recently of Mr. Ludwig Bemelmans. He has left behind a last hilarious book. ON BOARD NOAH'S ARK (Collins. 21s.) is his own record of a year or so spent in the company of an aged pilot boat which had known service in the Channel and which he discovered at Antibes. Lots of people have trouble with their boats and with their crews, but no one can ever have had exactly Mr. Bemelmans' kind of trouble which makes hilarious reading as he describes his various Mediterranean cruises and illustrates them with his witty drawings and colour sketches.

LIFE AND LAUGHTER (Phoenix. 15s.) is another volume which might be recommended for light reading on grey days. Mr. Michael Barsley has made another of his collections of witty writings—and some witty drawings—and has included short stories and articles by such masters of the *genre* as Mr. P. G. Wodehouse, Mr. J. B. Boothroyd (who fully deserves such august company), Mr. Kingsley Amis and Mr. Paul Jennings, among others. I thoroughly enjoyed the extract from *How to be Topp*, in which Mr. Geoffrey Willans' limpid prose is allied to Mr. Ronald Searle's superb drawings.

DAME SYBIL THORNDIKE as Miss Crawley in the musical version of Thackeray's novel *Vanity Fair*. It opened at the Queen's Theatre, London, last week

Mr. Huw Weldon, on his BBC programme, *Monitor*, has for some years past been interviewing artists, musicians and writers with the praiseworthy object of getting them to talk about themselves and their work. Some of the most revealing and, indeed, fascinating of these talks are now edited and introduced by him in book form and very good reading they make, particularly if one heard them originally over the air and can remember the TV programme in question. The late Sir Thomas Beecham on the subject of Delius and Mr. Laurie Lee, talking about Elisabeth Frink, the young sculptor, are variations of the method and rewarding ones. But the greatest impact, naturally enough, is when a writer such as Simenon explains his working methods or Lawrence Durrell his philosophy. In either case MONITOR (Macdonald. 18s.) is a new and welcome form of anthology.

The next two are essentially country books. "Miss Read" has again written about the village school teacher in a West of England valley, who for the greater part of her 70 years has taught the infants' class and now sifts through her memories in MISS CLARE REMEMBERS (Michael Joseph. 15s.). Once again, the drawings by Mr. J. S. Goodall make a happy and apt accompaniment to the text, in itself a delight of nostalgic, quietly humorous writing. A KEEPER'S TALE (Bell. 18s.), by Mr. Fred Speakman, is the result of many hours of talk and reminiscence with an old gamekeeper whose life, as was his father's, was spent in the protection of Epping Forest. There are some wonderful stories in these pages and some sharply etched word pictures of a vanishing world in which men and animals had devised their own balance.

PRINCE OF SCOOPS

The life story of Henri de Blowitz

Henri Georges Stefan Adolphe Opper de Blowitz has a secure place in the history of journalism. That security does not rest so much on the bedrock of fact as upon a lively legend. The legend, however, has its basic element of truth, for this remarkable journalist, who in 1873 became chief Paris correspondent to *The Times*, actually pulled off the sensational journalistic feat of enabling his newspaper to publish the whole text of the Treaty of Berlin at the actual moment the treaty was being signed in Germany. De Blowitz indeed seldom missed a trick. He was the exclusive interviewer of his day, recording the views of such diverse and inaccessible figures as Pope Leo III and the Sultan of Turkey. He was both journalist and diplomat, the saviour and annihilator of governments, an ingenious but not always reliable fellow and certainly something of a card. Frank Giles in A PRINCE OF JOURNALISTS (Faber and Faber. 25s.), sums up this extraordinary career with obvious relish and zest; for he himself was at one period *Times* correspondent in Paris, is now Foreign Editor of the *Sunday Times*, and is certainly not unfamiliar with the hectic life of those who probe the great diplomatic secrets of their age. At a time when microphones had not been invented M. de Blowitz certainly got more than his fair share of the news, and it is not surprising that he was both derided and envied by most of his colleagues.

The impact upon our cultural life of Sir William Rothenstein, the Bradford-born artist, was both long and distinguished. This son of German Jewish parents, who had emigrated from Hanover, might well have followed his father into the wool trade, but early recognition of his talent sent him to the Slade, where he studied for a year under Legros and on to Paris where he made many friends and even got to know the austere Degas; the sick and impoverished Verlaine was his friend, and he enjoyed the patronage of Whistler. Robert Speaight has been entrusted with the task of biographer, and in WILLIAM ROTHENSTEIN (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 63s.) he has moulded an unwieldy mass of papers into a notable portrait of the artist. It may seem strange that such a biography is necessary, so voluminous were Sir William's own memoirs, but it does emerge that there are new things left to say and new slants in his character to be understood and appreciated. Beyond doubt Mr. Speaight has grasped the opportunities offered, applying his colours generously on a broad canvas.

There is a spate of books for the music lover these days, and it is often difficult to choose between them as guides to musical appreciation. THE OUTLINE OF MUSIC (Newnes. 63s.), edited by Sir Malcolm Sargent, is neither over long nor over ponderous. Here indeed is a symposium of knowledge which while not claiming to be comprehensive can certainly widen the horizons of the adult concert goer. The chapter on modern revolutions in music-making, serialism, electronic music, etc., is of fascinating interest.

S. Tolansky's THE HISTORY AND USE OF DIAMOND (Methuen. 30s.) is the work of an international authority on his subject. Dr. Tolansky is Professor of Physics at London University and a Fellow of the Royal Society. He writes with brevity, clarity and a sense of the drama surrounding diamonds, the hardest material known to man and the most coveted.

In introducing SHOTGUN MARKSMANSHIP (Herbert Jenkins. 25s.), the joint authors, Percy Stanbury and G. L. Carlisle, declare quite simply, "This book describes how to shoot straight," and this is exactly what they do, aided by first-rate photographs and line drawings.

Here are two illustrated books dealing with aspects of life along two of the great rivers of the world. Rex Keating's NUBIAN TWILIGHT (Rupert Hart-Davis. 42s.), is a photographic record of that vast tract of the Nile, rich in archæological relics, which will soon vanish beneath the waters when Egypt's high dam south of Aswan comes into being. PORTRAIT OF A RIVER (Hutchinson. 35s.), is a description by Guy Mountfort of the wild life of the Danube from the Black Sea to Budapest. The illustrations are by Eric Hosking.

Richard Edmonds

This week's catch of novels is as varied as any amateur of contrasts could wish. First, there is Mr. David Stacton's OLD ACQUAINTANCE (Faber. 18s.), a contemporary and highly sophisticated story from an author known, so far, for his historical novels and now having a worldly kind of frolic with two middle-aged celebrities renewing a friendship in the improbable surroundings of a European Film Festival. Sometimes funny, sometimes melancholy and never banal.

Mr. Simon Raven's CLOSE OF PLAY (Blond. 18s.) is readable, raffish and rather too preoccupied with sexual gymnastics. Mr. Raven can, when he wishes to, write with vigour or with compassion and perhaps the best thing in his book is a description of a cricket week in the classic tradition. At the ripe old age of 21, Miss Jane Gaskell's new novel, her third, deals with the London world of young girls and "Teds," as seen from an attic at the wrong end of King's Road. ATTIC SUMMER (Hodder and Stoughton. 15s.) has originality without freshness and a considerable impact.

Four recommendable stories this week of adventure, crime and general whodunnery, beginning with Miss Agatha Christie's THE MIRROR CRACK'D FROM SIDE TO SIDE (Collins. 15s.). This masterly work deals with murder in a tranquil—or hitherto tranquil—English village, and has a pleasantly contrasted cast of film stars, observant spinsters and local soothsayers. Bright, ingenious and in a very good tradition. MALICE DOMESTIC (Crime Club. 12s. 6d.), by Miss Sara Woods (a name to remember) is also one for your list, though I found it a trifle too involved in its preliminaries. As the plot emerges it becomes very good indeed and well worth the initial effort of sorting out. TROIKA (Jarrolds. 15s.) is by Mr. Simon Harvester, is set in North Korea (the author being a great one for Foreign Parts), and is one of the best things the author has done—which is saying a great deal. Finally, Mr. Robert Caine Frazer's R.I.S.C. (Collins. 12s. 6d.), which is the first in a projected series about an American investigator of the James Bond type, who has a big investment company as his employer. Brisk, breezy yet not without sentiment.

Vernon Fane

BURGUNDY'S CONTRIBUTION

The golden age of Burgundy was certainly during the rule of four dukes of the Valois line during the century following 1364. Its struggle for survival and aggrandisement began in A.D.1002 and ended in the disaster at Nancy in the 1470's. In that golden century, at times Burgundy's share of France and the Netherlands rivalled that of the French Kings, and the glories of her civilisation that of any other European State. The "Museum" of that great period is at Dijon, but every gallery in European civilisation is an eternal tribute to Burgundy's achievement. It needs a trained historian to appreciate fully Joseph Calmette's "sketch" of that era, THE GOLDEN AGE OF BURGUNDY (Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 50s.) The author's main theme is the contribution of Burgundy to European culture under those four dukes in the latter days of the Middle Ages. The Dukes were seldom at peace, but their cultural victories (fully shared by their merchants) are far more renowned than their wars, and today much more important. I am not sure that Calmette's "outline" of Burgundian history might not have been clearer to the average reader in two distinct sections, military-political and cultural. Certainly in Burgundy until the second half of the fifteenth century, the arts of peace flourished little disturbed by chronic warfare, and a more coloured style than Calmette's is needed to do full justice to the theme.

John Gore

SODOM AND GOMORRAH: Lot (Stewart Granger) is comforted by his daughters after his wife is turned into salt

Another star of *Sodom and Gomorrah* is Stanley Baker as Prince Astaroth. **Right:** A PRIZE OF ARMS: Stanley Baker also plays a leading role in this thriller about a wages snatch from an army camp. Here he is with Tom Bell

NEW FILMS IN LONDON

There is a mixed bag of new films. Among them are the latest epic, culled from the Bible, Robert Aldrich's *Sodom and Gomorrah* at the Odeon, Marble Arch; *A Prize of Arms*, a crime thriller about an attempt at a perfect coup, at the Plaza; and *We Joined the Navy*, starring Kenneth More and the Hollywood veteran Lloyd Nolan, at the Warner. None of the films should be taken seriously, perhaps least of all *Sodom and Gomorrah*, which, however, has some splendid spectacles.

WE JOINED THE NAVY: In an episode from this new British comedy, Badger (Kenneth More), trying to trace three young midshipmen in "Moronia," asks the dubious advice of two Moronians (Miriam Karlin and Imogen Hassall)

At Perth, S. Antao of Kenya wins the final of the 100 yds. from T. Robinson of the Bahamas (second) and G. Holdsworth of Australia

COMMONWEALTH GAMES

The Commonwealth Games ended with a gay and friendly informality last weekend in the packed stadium at Perth. Final tally of the medals showed that Australia came top with 38 gold, 36 silver and 31 bronze, with England second with 29 gold, 22 silver and 27 bronze, and New Zealand third with 10 gold, 12 silver and 10 bronze. Nine world records, all in swimming, were broken and 49 new records for the Commonwealth Games were set. Leading figures of the Games were reckoned to be Antao, the sprinter from Kenya; Bruce Kidd, aged 19, from Canada, who won the six miles with great ease; Dorothy Hyman, the English woman sprinter; Murray Halberg and Peter Snell, the New Zealand middle-distance runners; and Brian Kilby, the English marathon runner. In the men's springboard diving, Brian Phelps of England was on his own ; in the swimming the Australian men were dominant, but the English girls Anita Lonsbrough and Linda Ludgrove both broke world records. England had a disappointing time in the boxing, but won three golds in the rowing.

In the final of the eights on Canning River, the Australian eight to set up a Commonwealth Games record time of 5 min. 53.4 secs.

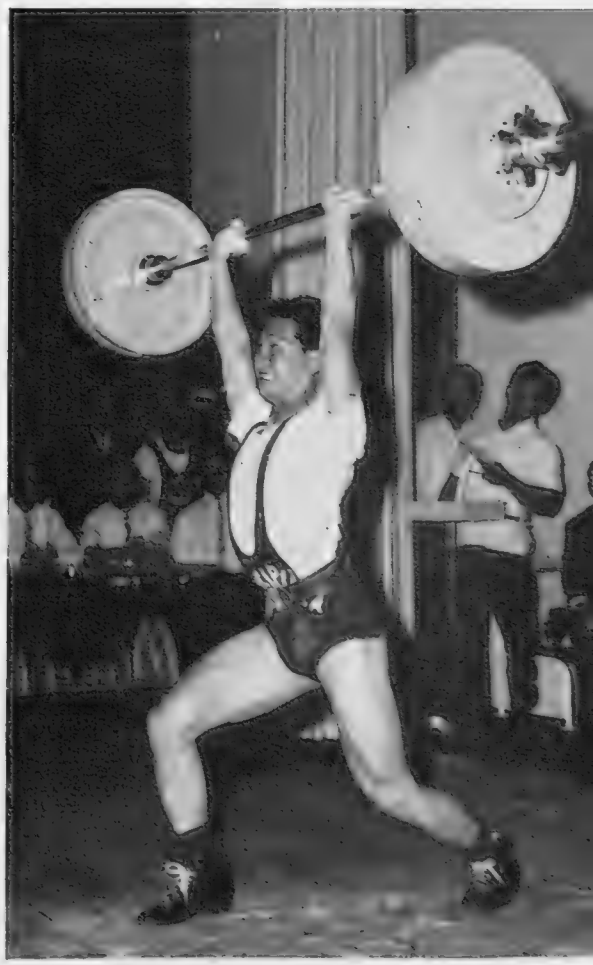
The eventual winner of the 3,000 m. steeplechase, T. A. Vincent of Australia (No. 4), takes the water jump

Bruce Kidd of Canada wins the six miles

Miss Dorothy Hyman of England wins the women's 100 yds. final in 11.2 secs. from Miss D. H. Porter (New Zealand) and Miss B. Cox (Australia)

th: New Zealand crew by 4 ft.
En: d eight came in third

Medallists in the women's 110 yds. backstroke: Miss P. Sargeant (Australia); the winner, Miss L. Ludgrove (England); and Miss S. Lewis (England). **Right:** Miss A. Lonsbrough (England) receives her gold medal for the women's 220 yds. breaststroke. Left is Miss J. I. Enfield (England)



P. Snell (New Zealand) wins the 880 yds. from G. Kerr (Jamaica). **Centre:** B. Phelps (England) winning the men's diving. **Right:** P. Chua, Singapore, a weight-lifting winner

LEADERS OF BRITISH INDUSTRY

Photographed by Tom Hustler

Sir Harold Roxbee Cox

Early last year, Sir Harold Roxbee Cox became chairman of the Metal Box Company, the world-wide packaging group which, with 41 factories in Britain and 27 overseas, manufactures an extensive range of containers and packaging materials. He joined the board of Metal Box in 1957 and was appointed deputy chairman in 1959. An eminent industrialist and an engineer of international standing, he has also been at various times in his career a distinguished civil servant. Born in Birmingham in 1902, Sir Harold was educated at King's Norton Grammar School, then joined the Austin Motor Company where he gained his early engineering training. During this period he obtained a first-class honours degree in mechanical engineering. He first studied aeronautics at the Imperial College of Science and Technology, then worked on the construction of the airship R.101. From 1931-5 he investigated wing flutter and stability of structures at the Royal Aircraft Establishment. In 1940, he became Deputy Director of Scientific Research at the Ministry of Aircraft Production, and later Director of Special Projects. During this period he worked closely with Sir Frank Whittle on the jet engine. After the war, he continued to work on the gas turbine, until he became Chief Scientist of the Ministry of Fuel and Power. He was knighted in 1953 and finally left Government service in the following year. In 1961, Sir Harold was appointed chairman, for five years, of the Council for Scientific and Industrial Research. He is also chairman of the National Council for Technological Awards and a vice-chairman of the Council of the Air Registration Board. Sir Harold was awarded an Hon. D.Sc. by Birmingham University and an Hon. Associateship of Birmingham College of Advanced Technology and was elected a Fellow of Imperial College in 1960. Earlier this year, he became chairman of the College of Aeronautics at Cranfield. Married, with two sons, Sir Harold Roxbee Cox lives near Regent's Park in London. He collects early aeronautical and balloon prints

THE NORTH-EAST:

An urgent case for industrial redevelopment

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

Against a backcloth of fields and woods rises the Wilton chemical works of ICI, near Middlesbrough. Wilton was built in the immediate post-war years, and located near Middlesbrough at the Government's wish. With ICI's Billingham works, to which it is linked by pipeline, Wilton is one of the world's largest concentrations of chemical industry

The best way in which we can help the North-East is to provide and make preparation for the next wave of industrial expansion that comes along. . . . We are doubling the rate of expenditure on roads in the North-East . . . announcing details of new advance factories in the North-East. . . ."
(Mr. Maudling, Chancellor of the Exchequer, in the House of Commons, November 5, 1962.)

In the last few years it has become a truism to say that there are two new nations in Britain—the affluent South and the hard-up North. Economically, there has certainly been a crystallisation of prosperity in the South-East of England, the prosperous South Midlands and the comfortable Home Counties. Beyond these areas—mainly in the North and Scotland, though to some extent also in the extreme south-western tip of the country, there are the areas of sharply higher unemployment and generally lower incomes. These areas catch it hardest when the general rate of unemployment rises—as it is rising this winter. Nor have boom conditions in the more fortunate regions of the country in recent years been able to make much impression on the rates of unemployment in these unluckier areas.

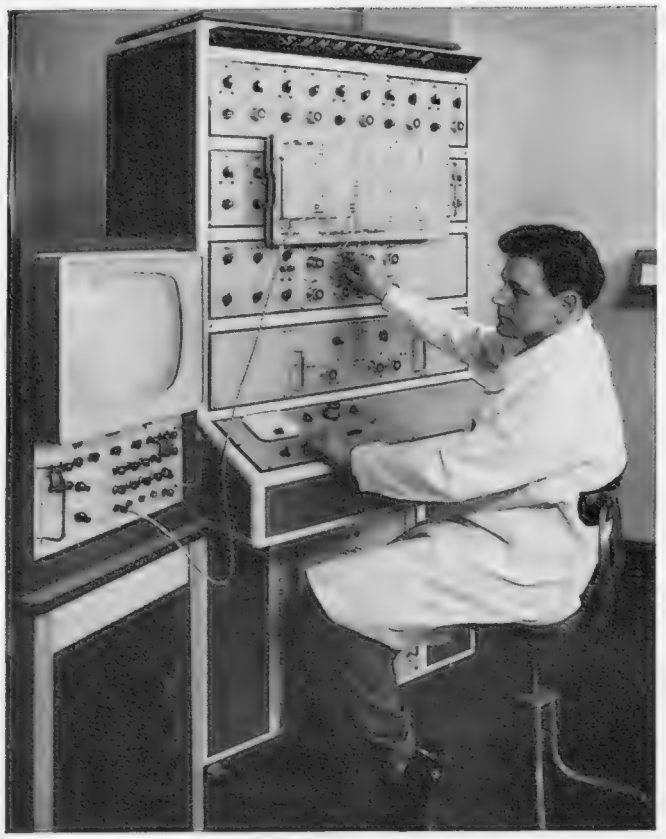
The problem here is quite a widespread one; and best not discussed in terms of comfortable generalisations such as "Encourage labour mobility" and "Don't throw good money after bad." Obviously, there is a cost to the community in giving special favour to areas where industry has fallen into decline; it is a good thing when men and families have the initiative to move to where the work is; and one cannot afford to prop up uneconomic areas. But there are sizeable social costs too in providing new housing in areas where industry thinks it marginally more cheap to operate; there are big costs of congestion, rising in future, in getting the areas of today's affluence too overcrowded; and without any doubt at all, labour is going to be Britain's scarcest resource for years. So "Taking work to the workers" is not as sentimental a policy as some businessmen, or economists, might assume.

In order to get a close-up of this problem as it affects one area that is still of considerable industrial importance to Britain, THE SPHERE recently sent a questionnaire to a number of local authorities and to the regional planning association of the North-East region of England. This is no single-industry area that is in decline because the one staple trade is dying and little effort has been made to develop new ones. It is a traditional centre of heavy industry—coal, steel, shipbuilding and heavy plant. It has been aware of the problems of change in these industries for many years; has developed some new major industries, such as petrochemicals, and has been actively seeking to attract others. It has figured in the successive governments' policies as a depressed area, a development area, and now a cluster of "development places." It is as organised to deal with the impact of industrial change as any region in Britain. So its experience counts.

In October this year unemployment in the North-East region was 4·3 per cent., against 2·2 per cent. for Great Britain as a whole; just on 56,000 people were registered as unemployed, which was the highest figure since April 1947. The unemployment rate was rising sharply; and

(*Continued on following pages*)

A toolmaker making a drilling jig in the factory of Castrol Equipment Ltd, at West Hartlepool



An analogue computer, produced by System Computers, of Gateshead-on-Tyne, in conjunction with Sunderland Technical College

One of the kilns for dolomite burning at the Co. Ltd., Washington, Durham. The kilns produce

(*Continued from previous page*)

not only seasonally, since in October the year before the figure had been only 2·5 per cent. In Durham, where the unemployment rate is higher—more than 5 per cent., which is worse than in Scotland—there are 50 men unemployed for every vacancy for a man on the local books.

Two of the major industries of the area are in medium- and long-term difficulty: shipbuilding and coal. The shipyards, repair yards and marine engineering works on the North-East coast used to employ about 65,000 people in 1957; by last year it was down to 42,000 and it must be expected to decline for a time. Basically, this is not a matter of competitiveness between national shipbuilding industries: it is a matter of world shortage of orders. Though some isolated examples of major tanker orders are now being placed, both the oil and dry cargo shipping trades have still a great deal of spare tonnage, left over from the building boom of the late '50's; some new ships have gone down the slipways simply to be laid up.

Shipyards can look forward—perhaps across a grey expanse of depression—towards some eventual pick-up in world demand for shipping, if only because of the world's steadily growing appetite for oil. Durham's coalmining, partly for that very same reason, cannot. Between 1956 and 1961 the mining labour force in the North-East declined by about 30,000 to a level of 119,000; by 1965 it is expected to decline by a further 18,000.

Some of the redundant miners went to other mines elsewhere in the country, but many of them went into other industries in the North-East. Miners are often quite a success in another industry: they are versatile, responsible and fairly easily trained. But the continued cutting down of manpower is a big problem for the region; it comes not only from some slight reduction in output, but even more from the increase of labour productivity in mining. The region has been hit, also, by rationalisation decisions in another of the nationalised industries: Darlington's railway workshops are due for closure, which will make another 3,000 men unemployed.

Certain of the major industries that are continuing to expand their output in this region are prosperous but capital-intensive; their expansion does not call for many more men. The current installation of a new synthesis gas process at the ICI works at Billingham, for example, suggests that the labour force at this works will not grow at all over the next five years unless other ICI divisions move in to mop up the available labour.

With vigorous local promotion of the industrial advantages of the region, local authorities in the North-East have in recent years managed to attract a number of new enterprises to the area; these have usually gained some support from the Board of Trade but, the local authorities argue, usually not enough. The advantages are real; a large reservoir of technically able labour; good local raw materials; excellent ports and some improvement of the land communications, both by the main railways and on the A.1; a sizeable market hinterland; and the fact that the North-East is the closest industrial region north of London to the Common Market countries. The region's planning association, and the local authorities, have spent money on advertising these advantages both in Britain and on the Continent.

Since 1945 more than 200 new manufacturing establishments have been set up in the North-East, representing 14 industry groups. These have shown that a wide range of light industries can flourish in this traditional centre of the heavy industries; but the local authorities do not seek diversification for its own sake. They want steady development of modern heavy industries such as steel, chemicals and electrical machinery to balance the region's industrial pattern.

Tees-side has great experience in chemical and gas plant engineering. This plant for the pro- natural gas was built for Brockville Chemicals of Maitland, Ontario, by The Power-Gas Corporation

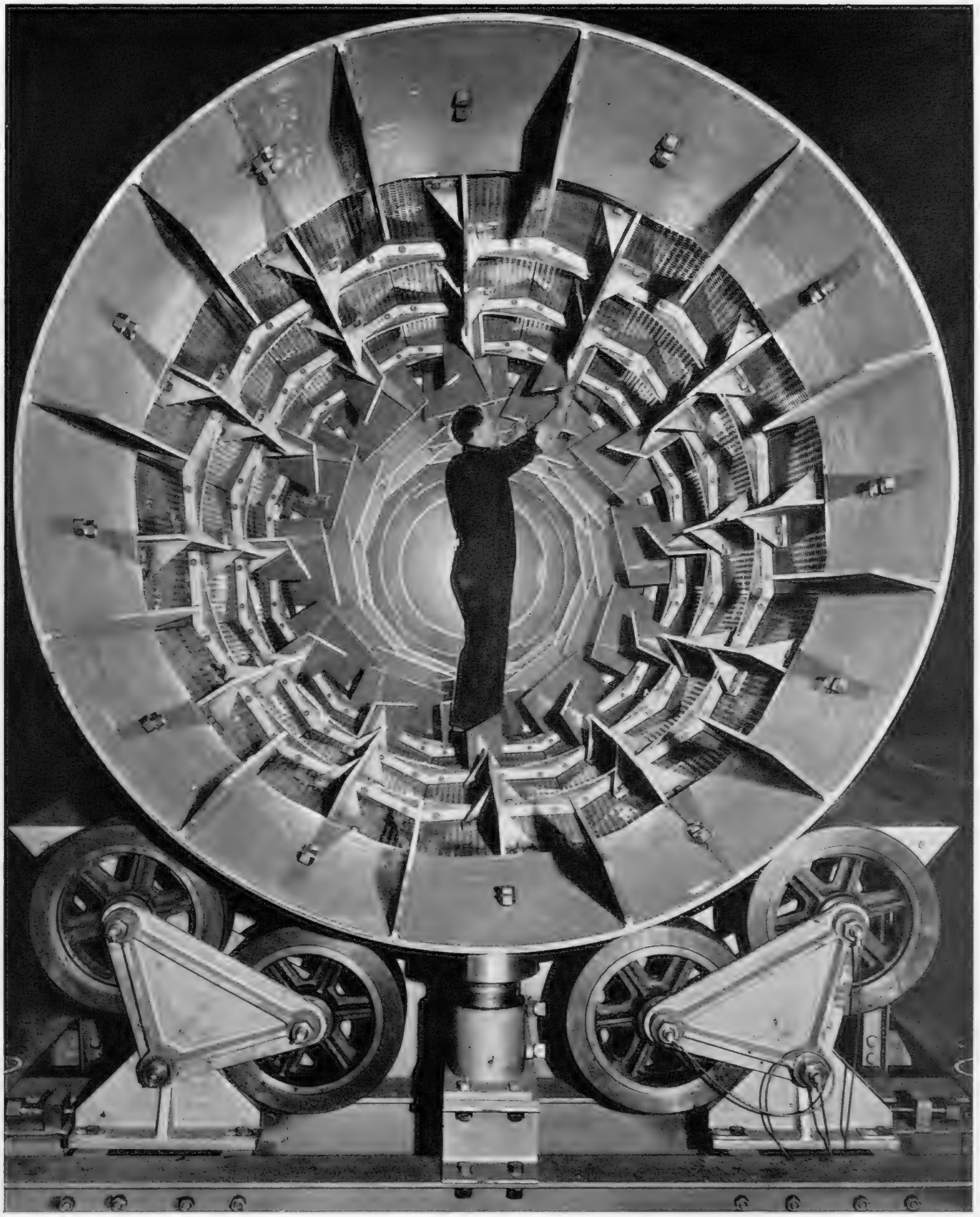
What are these local authorities' views about the national policy of encouraging industry to set up its new facilities in areas such as the North-East? Most of them use the same word "inadequate"; they argue, too, that even in principle the Government's policy is lacking in some concepts. The Local Employment Act of 1960, they argue, was a short-term measure to deal with emergencies in particular towns during periods of general prosperity; in times of general slackness it hardly works at all, because at such times industry is least prepared to move. The public money offered in loans and grants, they think, is being dispensed too parsimoniously—at any rate in their own area. The region was bitterly disappointed that the Government did not persuade any of the motor manufacturers, in particular, to pick the North-East as a site for one of their new factories.

Where they criticise the government policy in principle is in the spottiness of its operations. The 1960 Act abolished development areas that the government felt had become too big, and included some comparatively prosperous places, and concentrated on small individual areas for assistance. In the North-East these local authorities feel that

THE NORTH-EAST

Washington Chemical
magnesium carbonate

duction of hydrogen from
td., of Stockton-on-Tees



Completing the interior of a breaker screen for foundry moulding sand at the Bedewell Works of Baker Perkins Ltd., of Hebburn-on-Tyne. The screen is capable of breaking up used moulded sand at the rate of 400 tons an hour. The flights inside the drum lift and then drop the lumps of sand

has gone too far; one of its effects is that with most of the area of these counties scheduled for development assistance, the parts that are not so scheduled often include many of the locations that manufacturers who have been persuaded to consider investment in the region tend to pick. If they do, the various forms of financial assistance offered by the Government are not available. Another complaint about administration is that towns are too quickly taken off the list when their fortunes grow temporarily better; Sunderland, removed from the list not long ago, has just had to be put back on it.

"In the Midlands and the South," commented one of these local authorities to THE SPHERE, "there is woeful ignorance of the North-East, and the general image of a depressed area riddled with slag heaps is wholly misleading." In fact, as anyone who visits industry in this area knows, there is a good deal more green open space to be seen in the North-East than in the heavily built-over Midlands. Apart from the local considerations of communities that do not want to face decline, the national arguments for positive policy to prevent over-concentration in the South of England will continue to grow. Britain is not an immense country; for many industries, location factors are not all that important, providing that communication between main plants and branches can be speeded up by improvement of road (and air) facilities; mobility of labour to the location of the work can have high social costs. British development area policy over the years has shifted its emphasis, but has remained one of trying to help the needy. What is perhaps going to be needed, as economic planning in this country develops, is a policy that concerns itself with congestion and living standards across the country, trying to adjust the balance in advance to ease the pressure on boom areas, as well as to repair those in depression.

"The Sphere" next week will contain a special section on British shipbuilding with an article by R. B. Shepheard, C.B.E, Director, the Shipbuilding Conference.

THE NORTH-EAST

(*Continued from page 395*)

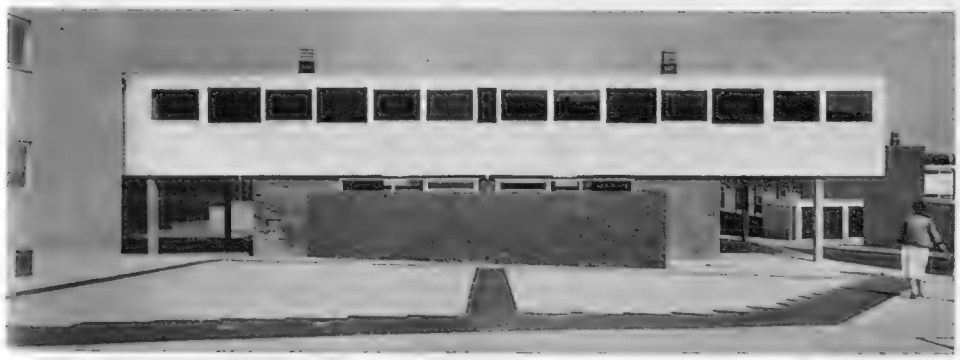
Right: These mild steel gas mains are lined with stainless steel by Darchem Engineering Ltd., a member of the Darlington Chemicals Ltd. group, and are supplied to the order of Simon-Carves Ltd., for Techmashimport, Moscow

The case of West Hartlepool is symptomatic of the plight of county Durham. Despite energetic and successful attempts to attract new industries, the town faces serious unemployment problems—much higher than the national average. For West Hartlepool grew up in the last century as a port, first for coal from the Durham coalfields and then for the shipbuilding and heavy industry which followed the coal. And coal and shipbuilding are in decline. The photograph shows the centre of West Hartlepool, with bottom right the railway and, centre, Christ Church. Left from the church is a new College of Further Education under construction. The town has carried out much slum clearance work, but more remains to be done

Below: Operatives concentrate at a bank of drilling machines at the factory of Victor Products Ltd., of Wallsend-on-Tyne

Below: Packing jars of dressed crab at the factory of Van Smirrens Ltd., situated at Berwick-upon-Tweed, in Northumberland

An aerial view of Dene House I & II Estates in Peterlee New Town in County Durham. Plans are in hand for the expansion of this new town

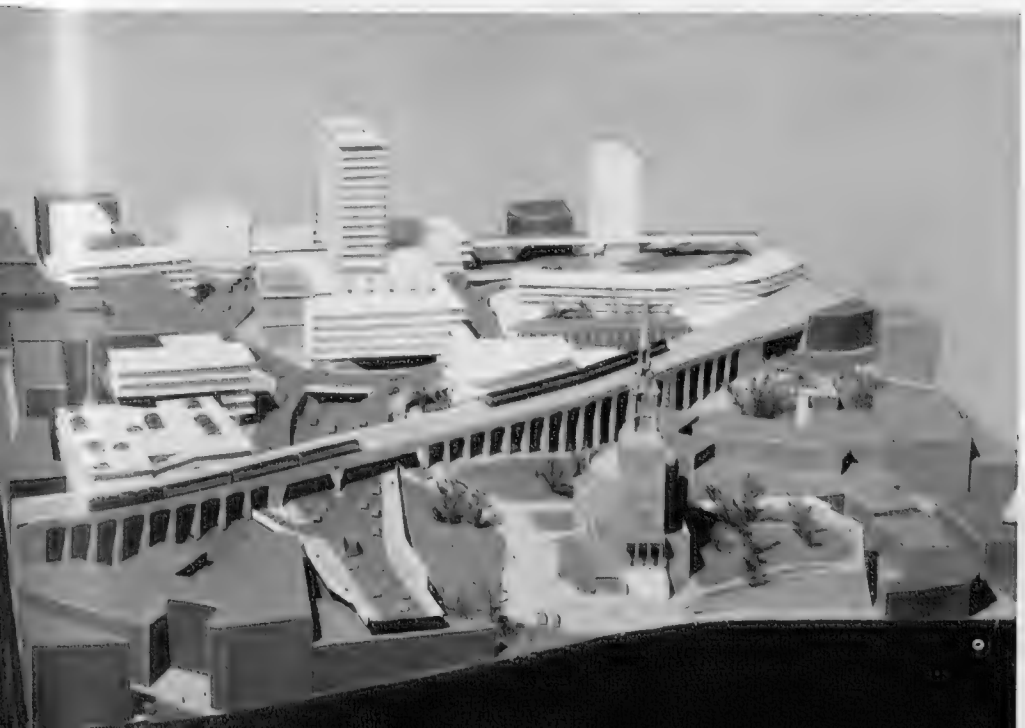


A block of cantilevered flats forms one of the exciting new buildings in Peterlee New Town

NEW HOMES IN THE NORTH-EAST

A vital part in the redevelopment of the North-east is the provision of adequate housing. Recently, the crisis in slum clearance and renewal of obsolescent housing has received widespread publicity and promises of Government action. In the North-east, a good deal has been done, but a huge amount remains and as ever finance bedevils local authorities. Peterlee gave a new vision of what could be achieved in modern housing. Newcastle has a radical city redevelopment plan, including a shopping centre, central business area, and cultural amenities. Sunderland, Jarrow, Spennymoor, Blaydon and Billingham are also working on new town centre schemes.

Urban redevelopment in Newcastle—a model of part of the planned central business area



New blocks of flats at Gosforth, Northumberland

INDUSTRY AND THE STOCK MARKET

TV NEST-EGG

By "THE SPHERE" CITY CORRESPONDENT

Business worth about £30,000,000 over the next ten years. This is the prospect outlined by Sir Joseph Lockwood, speaking as chairman of Electric and Musical Industries, following the likely change to 625-line television from the present standard. This change, which appeared in the Pilkington report, featured in the following government White Paper. Sir Joseph's £30,000,000 estimate applies only to the production side of television, namely to new transmission and studio equipment. E.M.I., like leading producers in the industry, have for many years been producing 625-line cameras and transmission equipment for overseas buyers. They should therefore find no problem in starting production for the British market.

It is believed in the City that the E.M.I. group may gain as much as one-third of this new extra business. Even for a group whose annual sales exceed £80,000,000 this additional turnover represents an important benefit—especially as last year the Morphy-Richards refrigerator and Capitol Records side in the United States made little contribution to profits. For the E.M.I. divisions directly involved, this £30,000,000 business will therefore mean a large increase in sales.

Of last year's total turnover, rather less than half was in Britain, while out of every £100 sold, records accounted for some £40 (of which about half represented sales in the United States) and domestic appliances perhaps £15. The rest of E.M.I.'s business was shared between electronic capital goods and domestic electronic equipment, with the former rather the more important. Shareholders in E.M.I., of whom one in five are American, can now look forward to recovery prospects as Capitol Records and Morphy-Richards are restored to profitability. A £10,000,000 share in television equipment should help to improve earnings—and should bring similar gains to other U.K. electrical groups whose profits have been depressed by the setback in durable goods sales.

One of these is British Electronic Industries, the merger company of Pye and E.K. Cole, which reported a loss of £150,000 for 1961-62 against the previous year's £490,000 profit. Mr. C. O. Stanley, the chairman, told shareholders at last month's annual meeting that profits were several thousand pounds higher than at the same time last year and that they could expect a substantial increase in the dividend. Last year shareholders' payment was cut from 15 per cent. to only 2½ per cent.

Mr. Stanley also endorsed Sir Joseph Lockwood's optimistic view of television business. He made the point that expansion of the television network in 1964 will open up a very large market for television sets as well as for transmission equipment. Mr. Stanley stated that while the industry had rather a long wait for the signal to go ahead, the future " should be a very bright one."

One of the largest single groups linked to television, which should gain substantially from extra orders for transmission equipment and sets, is Mr. Jules Thorn's Thorn Electrical Industries. This is a £50,000,000 group whose interests range from radio and television to Atlas lighting and the D.E.R. rental business. Despite the problems facing the television industry over recent years, Thorn has shown impressive earnings growth, with profits rising from less than £1,000,000 in 1959 to more than £2,000,000 in the period to last March. Over the same years, shareholders' dividend has been raised from 20 per cent. to 27½ per cent., while there have been two large share issues for cash.

Part of this expansion stems from Thorn's wide spread of interests, which in turn has been achieved partly by a series of merger moves. These have included the formation of the British Radio Corporation with Electric and Musical Industries, the setting up of a joint concern with Associated Electrical Industries to make radio valves and cathode ray tubes for television receivers.

These three groups, E.M.I., British Electronic Industries and Thorn, should be three major beneficiaries of growing television business. Larger turnover should also go to the three major electrical concerns, Associated Electrical, English Electric and General Electric, with the last probably owning the largest relative stake in the consumer electrical market. Orders will also go to manufacturing groups such as Rank Precision Industries (part of the Rank Organisation) who have built up specialist knowledge in camera and allied technologies.

For investors there is a strong case for choosing one of the three prime beneficiary groups as part of any long-term portfolio. Probably the best all-round choice is E.M.I., whose 10s. shares can now be bought to yield about 4 per cent. The share price has fallen as American investors reduced their stake, but could easily rise again if buying resumed from Wall Street. Meantime, the major attraction lies in the possible benefit to profits from a recovery in consumer durables and in the American record business.

Thorn has long been recognised in the City as a leading growth equity, and demand for the ordinary and "A" shares has pushed the yeild to below 2 per cent. But for people prepared to sacrifice current income for possible capital growth, Thorn remains an outstanding investment. On last year's reduced dividend, British Electronic shares offer as little as Thorn, but the promised dividend increase should restore the yield to a more normal level.

GOOD LIVING *by Ganymede*

A medium dry Graves, a rich, aged Barsac, a great claret from St. Emilion, then another 1er Cru sweet wine of Barsac, was the order of wines at a dinner I attended recently. An unusual sequence, anyone might think, and I can almost sense disapproving raised eyebrows among my readers.

The occasion was the Diner de Gala, the climax of the Bordeaux Weekend held at the Imperial Hotel, Torquay, when for three days guests enjoyed the cooking of what I consider the best restaurant in Bordeaux today, the Château Trompette. The result of many months of careful planning between the managements of the two establishments and a well-known house of Bordeaux Shippers, Sichel & Cie., the three lunches and two dinners were presented personally by M. Georges Daney, patron of the Château Trompette. They were cooked in the Imperial kitchens under the direction of his chef M. Adrien Duglos with the full co-operation of the Imperial's chef de cuisine, Mr. William True, " et son brigade."

To explain the apparently unorthodox order of wines I must describe the Diner de Gala. The first wine, La Tour Alain 1959, was served with the first two courses: La Bisque d'Ecrevisses and Les Délices de Sole du Château Trompette. It was the next course that caused the departure from convention. This was a delightful Bordeaux speciality, Le Foie de Canard au Raisins. The livers are those of fattened ducks, and while they have a flavour of their own, they also have the superb texture only comparable to foie gras. For this dish they are cooked in a delicate sauce made with port, cream and preferably very sweet fresh grapes, and the result is, believe me, out of this world. Now M. Daney insisted that with this delicacy the perfect wine is an old Sauternes, and at his behest Mr. Sichel started a search for something special. One of his friends, the regisseur of Château Coutet, had two cases left of the 1937 vintage, and this elixir made a perfect match with the rare dish.

At the Gastronomic Weekend are, seated, M. Libersart of the French Embassy and M. Daney; and, standing, M. Duglos, Mr. Chapman, Manager of the Imperial, Torquay, and Mr. True, its chef

The main course, Le Filet en Chevreuil Sauce Poivrade, served with Mousseline de Marrons and Pommes Croquettes aux Maix was another exceptional highlight among the many outstanding dishes. The 1952 Château Cheval Blanc of St. Emilion was a most interesting wine, which created much comment among the experts present. Perhaps the difficulty of assessing its virtues was enhanced by the fact that it followed after the Coutet 1937. While all agreed that it was an exceptionally great wine, but perhaps a little light as St. Emilions go, some felt that it had a little way to go before reaching perfection. The opposite camp asserted that it had passed the peak of its development. A fine point, and an example of individual taste affecting fine judgment. In matters concerning wine this is always the case; wine lore is anything but an exact science!

Le Soufflé du Château was brought triumphantly flaming held high by a crocodile of waiters to the strains of music, and there was music of a different kind in our glasses filled with the other first growth of Barsac, Château Climens 1955. Delamaine Grande Fine Champagne 1906 with the coffee completed a perfectly balanced gastronomic occasion.

I should hate to give the impression that only this meal out of the five was worth describing, as the others were of the same standard. Other specialities of the Château Trompette which I have the space to mention included Le Gratin des Queues des Scampis Grandmère, this had a delicious sauce into which went a lot of Cognac, and then there was the great classic L'Entrecote Bordelaise Trois Soeurs, perfectly done. There was a great dish, from the adjoining region, Le Poulet Saute Basquaise, the outstandingly simple, but exquisite, Omelette du Château and a fine version of another, standard, but bourgeois dish, Le Coq au Vin du Chef. Of the dessert courses the Ananas du Château Flambé au Rhum was the most memorable.

And throughout, every course benefited from the complete gamut of wines which only Bordeaux can boast among all the wine regions of France. The dry Graves, such as the Château Olivier 1957, go perfectly with fish or entrée, the choice of clarets, which on this occasion included superb examples (Pontet Canet 1955 and Palmer to mention only a few), are perfect with meats, and the unique Sauternes and Barsacs have no equals to accompany sweet dishes.

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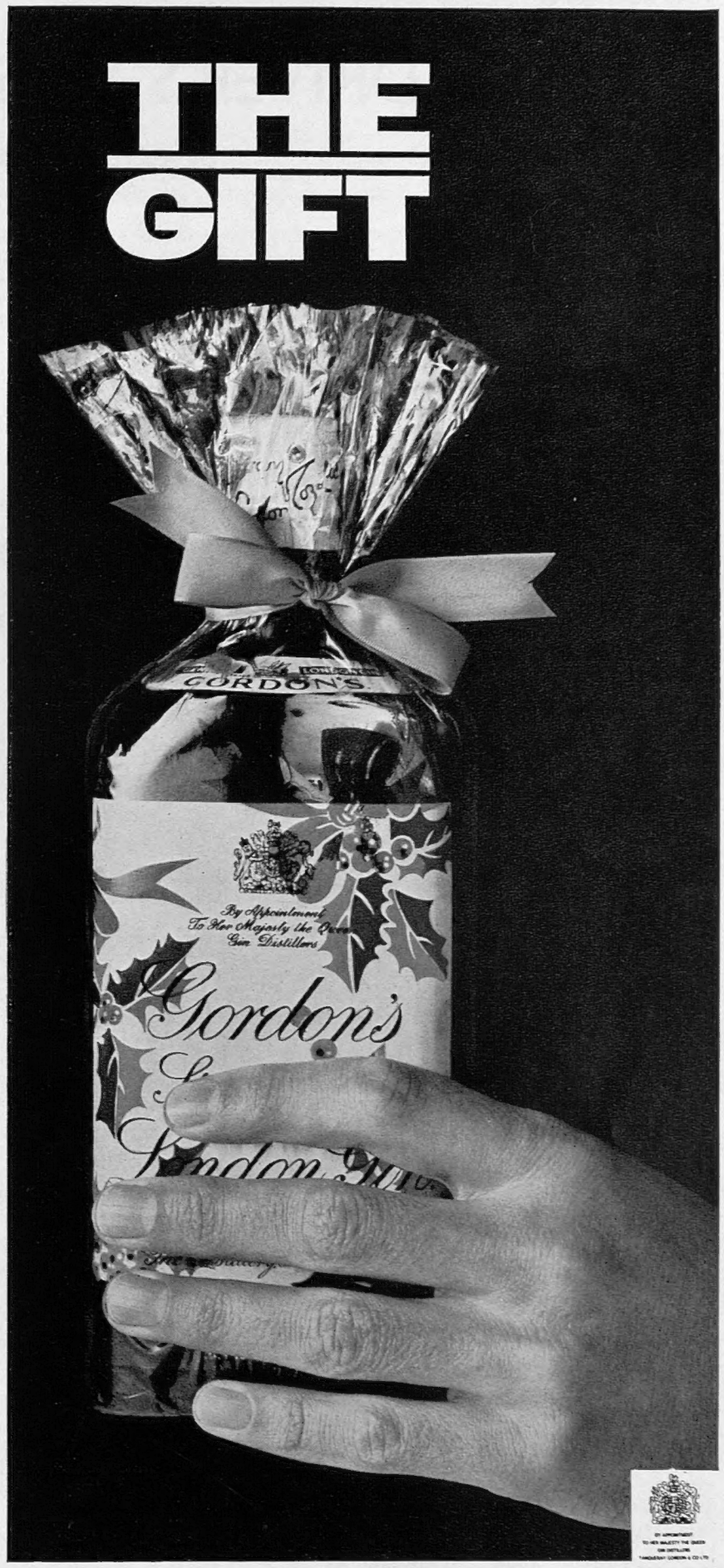

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MOTORING

ON THE DRIVER'S SIDE

What is dangerous driving? and a handbook for motorists

By **COURTENAY EDWARDS**

Readers of this page will realise that I am not one of those who say motorists should be molly-coddled; that they all wear haloes; that they can do nothing wrong; that they are a sacrosanct race who should not be subjected to further restriction. Every time I go out in my car I seem to run across fellow motorists who are so selfish or who drive so badly that they deserve to be shot. All the same, I consider the police sometimes show a lack of imagination in their interpretation of the law.

There have recently been two examples of this salutary rapping of official knuckles. One concerned a young medical student who was accused at the Old Bailey of killing a scooter rider by driving his car dangerously. The prosecution admitted he was driving slowly and that he signalled properly. The judge stopped the trial and criticised the police for ever bringing the case. He said that in 40 years' experience he had never known a more unconvincing prosecution for dangerous driving or a case where it was more certain the charge ought never to have been brought.

Then there was the case of a 34-year-old Cambridge lecturer at the School of Veterinary Medicine who, after driving 300 miles, suddenly felt very tired on the Stevenage by-pass: a motorway on which stopping is forbidden except in emergency. It was early morning when a police officer found the accused lying across the front seat, asleep. He told Stevenage justices his eyes had not been focussing properly and that it would have been dangerous to continue. It was an emergency which he thought justified his stopping. The magistrates agreed with him and dismissed the case.

In August of this year the new Road Traffic Act became law. It has 271 sections and 20 schedules. In no other branch of the law is there such a profusion of detail. To throw a little light into this labyrinth the Consumers' Association (the publishers of *Which?*) have brought out an inexpensive handbook, *The Law for Motorists*, price 6s.

It is not a legal textbook but is intended to give the man behind the wheel a clearer picture of how the law affects him. The first chapter explains the framework of the law, the second deals with the motorist himself, the third with his car. A whole chapter is devoted to the mysteries of insurance and another section on " Driving " sets out all the offences a motorist may commit, including parking and obstruction. It is interesting to note that if you are involved in an accident you are under no obligation to make a statement immediately, even if the police ask you to say what happened.

The whole book is sympathetically and clearly written, with much feeling for the motorist's point of view. If you find yourself in court, the author says, " everybody else is confident and at ease . . . whereas you will probably feel nervous, unsure and alone." I hope you will always have to take the author's word for this!

The National Benzole company has been putting the British motorist under a microscope. It hired Social Surveys (Gallup Poll) Ltd. to keep a close watch on 402 of their service stations scattered about England, Scotland and Wales. They made many interesting discoveries. For instance, 73 motorists in every 100 get out of their cars when they stop to buy petrol. Thirty-five per cent. buy two gallons of petrol at a time; one in four buy fuel in four-gallon lots. Just over a third of the many drivers questioned keep a record of their motoring expenditure and 15 per cent. try to keep within a fixed budget.

Questioned if they liked to be asked if they wanted their oil and water checked, 50 per cent. said Yes, 25 per cent. didn't mind and 25 per cent. said they would prefer not to be asked. More than half liked to have their windscreen wiped, 31 per cent. didn't mind and 16 per cent. said No. Cash payments were made by 71 per cent. of motorists in the upper income bracket and by 85 per cent. in the middle and lower income group.

Eight motorists in every 100 said they preferred women forecourt attendants, 13 per cent.

At the handing-over ceremony in London of B.M.C.'s three millionth vehicle built for export, presented to the League of Red Cross Societies, are Lady Limerick, vice-chairman of the League; Mr. Erroll, President of the Board of Trade; and Mr. Harriman, B.M.C. chairman

voted for men and 79 per cent. didn't mind one way or the other. Of all the cars which pulled in for petrol when the pollsters were around, most were Fords (27 per cent.) but if you add together the Austins (20 per cent.) and the Morrises (15 per cent.) top place went to B.M.C. Hillman rated eight per cent. and Standard and Vauxhall seven per cent. each.

Forty per cent. of the cars were less than four years old, 47 per cent. were aged between four and nine years and 17 per cent. were more than nine years old. Many of the motorists questioned said they thought it should be possible to buy other things at filling stations besides petrol, oil and accessories. Among the items suggested were cigarettes, chocolate, milk and hot drinks.

Croydon's new six-storey park for 770 cars, built at a cost of £264,422, is likely to become a municipal showpiece. It incorporates new construction principles which give the garage 100 more car spaces than would have been provided by normal building methods.

It is a concrete structure, the precast units for which were supplied by Concrete Ltd., the firm with the bison trade mark who are manufacturers of structural, precast concrete. The new garage in Croydon has been built to a design which, by employing long span beams, avoids the use of the columns or pillars normally needed at intervals of 24 feet or less to support the floor above.

It is of the split level type with ramps giving a one-way system of entry and exit and with electric counters showing automatically when a parking bay becomes full. The new Croydon garage took only five months to build. It is the first of ten planned by the enterprising Croydon Corporation to give accommodation for about 7,000 cars following a survey which revealed a need for 13,500 off-street car spaces within the next ten years. Already the average number of cars parked daily in the central area of Croydon is around the 4,500 mark.

Concrete Ltd., tell me they have orders for their new-style multi-storey car parks at Leeds (1,000 cars) and Smethwick (210 spaces). The firm was started by two Sapper officers of the first world war, by name Ambrose and Matthews, who were jointly responsible for the design and manufacture of precast concrete pillboxes for the Western Front.

Briefly . . . Mr. David Brown has presented to the Montagu Motor Museum an Aston Martin DBR1/300, the car which won the manufacturers' sports car championship of the world in 1959. . . . Philips Electrical are selling a spare lamp kit containing bulbs suitable for side, tail, stop, number plate, ignition warning and flasher lamps. They are embedded in shock-absorbing extruded polystyrene. The kit costs 10s. 6d. . . . New to the British market is a German-built Lufft car compass, with luminous markings, for £2 18s. 6d. from leading stores and opticians. . . .

The British Insurance Association warns motorists against the dangers of frost damage and points out that while normal comprehensive policies cover this, policy-holders are expected to take reasonable precautions, like using anti-freeze or draining the radiator and heating systems. . . . There were 189 fewer road deaths in Britain during the first nine months of 1962 compared with the corresponding period last year.

The 1963 version of the Sprite Musketeer touring caravan, which was shown at the Caravan Show at Olympia, London. Improvements to the caravan, one of the most successful touring caravans ever built, include a more effective towing hitch, insulated floors and roofs and a new type of sink unit. In the last year, Sprite Ltd. have exported 2,300 caravans

IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

ADVICE BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him c/o The Editor, THE SPHERE, *Ingram House, 13-15, John Adam Street, London, W.C.2.*

THE curtains are drawn and you may be sitting by the fireside reflecting on this year's holiday or planning the next.

"What was our happiest find of the year?" we have been asked more than once. A difficult question, for so much is entailed—food and drink, location and weather, people one may meet and the type of accommodation one gets.

As the liking or dislike of the last named influences all other aspects of a holiday, we have no hesitation in saying that among the hundreds of hotels we slept in during 1962, the memories of the Wedgwood Suite at *The Old Inn*, Crawfordsburn, in Northern Ireland, is likely to remain constant for a long time ahead.

The blue and white decor was artistically and practically carried out. A close fitted blue carpet ran the length and width of bedroom and bathroom. The blue taffeta curtains were interlined for extra warmth. There were fitted cupboards and wardrobes galore, a magnifying mirror by the dressing table, and a TV set concealed by flush doors, carrying out the Wedgwood design.

The twin beds had bedspreads to match the white nylon window curtains. Blue headboards (sensibly covered in clear plastic) were framed in off-white gold with a Queen Anne motif, while blue predominated in blankets, window seats, armchairs and dressing-stools. Any possibility of coldness was counteracted by wall-lights of oxidised silver with pink shades. To mention that we had bedside radio and controlled central heating is superfluous, but individual touches which did intrigue us were the picked pieces of china, particularly the bedside lights, Wedgwood ashtrays and vases and Scandinavian china or porcelain figures.

The bathroom and shower was no place for a manly man—diffused lighting, blue bath salts, blue and white bath sheets, towels and face towels.

To complete the picture, in our suite we found adjustable armchairs to lie or sit up in, with foot stools. No wonder it was long after 12 noon when we vacated such restful luxury.

The Wedgwood Suite is one of four—"Azalea," "Old English" and "Fern," all situated in the White wing of this charming inn, which has been reconstructed throughout and decorated and equipped in the most perfect taste. Situated 11 miles from Belfast and three miles from Bangor, the *Old Inn* is well known locally for the excellence of its cuisine and cellar. Such a find is the more remarkable to us, for Northern Ireland seems to have so little to offer in outstandingly good hotels and restaurants, so Mrs. E. White, who personally supervises the running of the *Old Inn*, helped by her daughter and son-in-law, deserves special commendation in that her enterprise had to be entirely financed by herself. Unlike hotels south of the Border, there was no hope of receiving any financial grant.

In lauding *The Old Inn*, Crawfordsburn, we are reminded of other opulent accommodation, all of which might well be noted by those who have a honeymoon in the offing.

Sutton Benger, near Chippenham, was just a Wiltshire place name until Mr. and Mrs. John Stratton acquired the *Bell House* and converted it into an hotel and restaurant. Here can be experienced cuisine, furnishing and decor of the highest order. They aimed at gaining a reputation for having the most luxurious small country hotel in Britain. We should hesitate to suggest anywhere else so near to perfection.

It may well be that, staying at the *Bell House*, you are on your way westwards. If so, we hope you are heading for *Hotel Tresanton* at St. Mawes in South Cornwall.

Comparisons are odious when hotels of great individuality are under discussion. Suffice it to say that *Tresanton* is an hotel of infinite charm. Two houses are connected by colourful gardens, a miniature restaurant where specialisation is practised in cuisine and cellar, the bedrooms are delightful and the sea vistas never to be forgotten.

In reminiscent mood, our thoughts—after stoking the fire—turned to the glowing peat fires of Southern Ireland. This, coupled with our luxury note theme, brought our thoughts back to our being one of the first visitors following the opening of the *Cashel Palace Hotel*, Cashel, Co. Tipperary. Palace is indeed the operative word for, originally built as a palace for the Archbishop of Cashel, it has been redecorated and refurnished with the greatest taste by Lord and Lady Brocket, the owners. A half-way house between Dublin and Cork, this is now an hotel we can recommend wholeheartedly for a meal, a night or for a more prolonged stay.

While we look back, we equally look forward. When in Co. Kerry this year we called in to view an hotel which must figure high on our 1963 Visiting List—*Ard-na-Sidhe*. Pronounced Ard-na-Shee, the translation from the Gaelic is "The hill of the fairies."

How apt! For this gracious manor house stands in a veritable fairyland of silver glens, with Japanese and wild gardens sloping to the water's edge of Caragh and the blue-veiled mountains as an everlasting background. These gardens are full of colour in the springtime and early summer due to the mild temperatures usually to be experienced in this early part of the season.

Now run as a strictly private hotel (meals are not even available to outside guests) *Ard-na-Sidhe* offers peace, quiet and opulent living. Entering this Cotswold-styled house, and passing through corridors to lounge, music room and dining-room; up the timber staircase to spacious bedrooms (which combine old world charm with modern conveniences), one's feet tread deep-pile carpets; one's eyes wander from richly embroidered curtains to lovely furniture, and one wonders who was responsible for such good taste.

Ard-na-Sidhe has an excellent wine cellar, high standards in Irish and Continental menus, and the extensive gardens are put to the best possible use.

The coloured brochure, which can be obtained on application from the Manageress, gives, both in picture and script, a faithful portrait of this beautiful Irish house. On no account must you miss it when touring Ireland; but we must again remind you that its rooms and grounds are available only to resident guests, so it is essential to book ahead.

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V. G. H. T.
Abbreviations have been in use since B.C. Last year—the most successful in our history—our statistical wizard informed us that over 36,000 people were entitled to put V.G.H.T. after their names. What on earth does that stand for? we asked. VISITED GRAND HOTEL TORQUAY was the reply. Our hope is that the majority could equally interpret V.G.H.T. to read VERY GOOD HOTEL TORQUAY!
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THE SPHERE
DECEMBER 8, 1962

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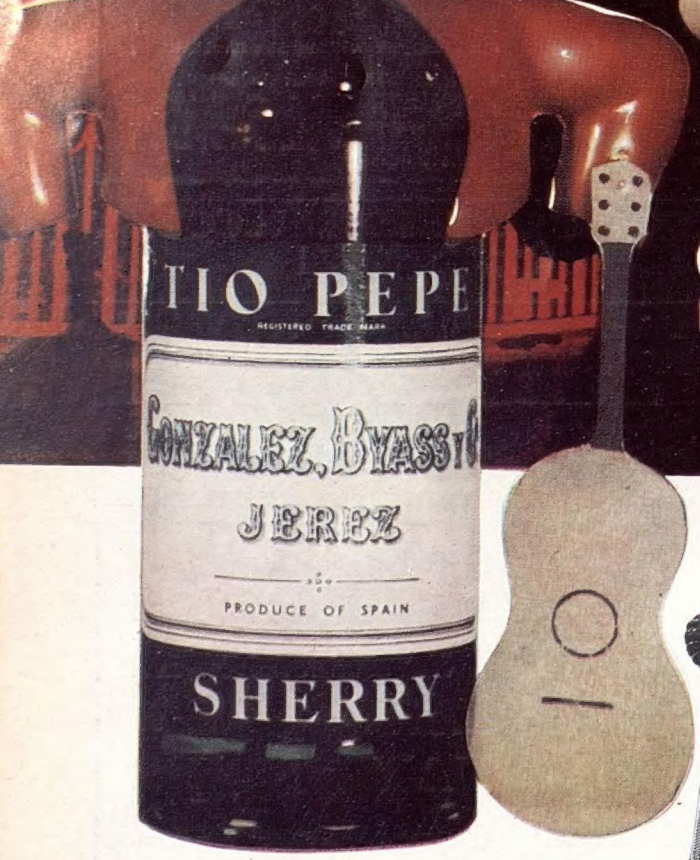

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